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ART. I.—*Gertrude of Wyoming; a Pennsylvanian Tale. And other Poems. By Thomas Campbell, Author of the Pleasures of Hope, &c. 4to. pp.* 134. *Price* 1*l.* 5*s.* Longman. 1809.

THE expectations of the public have, we believe, been much excited by the repeated promise of this poem. It may be doubtful whether the length of time that has been suffered to elapse since it was first announced is a circumstance favourable or otherwise to the *general* impression concerning it. The many, who thirst only for novelty, are, it is to be feared, wearied out with the continual repetition, month after month, of the same advertisement, and at length dismiss the subject from their thoughts before they have entered upon it, almost as entirely as if they had already exhausted it. To some, however, it is possible that the delay itself may have suggested high ideas of the "limæ labor," the dissatisfied modesty of real genius, the care, anxiety, and timidity (so often talked of, but now, alas! so seldom to be met with) of authorship; and every succeeding month must have accordingly added to the propensity, at first experienced, to receive with favour an offspring so tenderly nursed, and sent into the world under such trembling apprehensions.

For ourselves, we confess that it would have pleased us better had 'Gertrude of Wyoming' made her appearance in life at an earlier period. At the time of publishing his "Pleasures of Hope," Mr. Campbell was understood to be a very young man; and that poem, however deficient in parts, and unequal in the whole, certainly held him forth as a young man of ardent genius and refined sensibility. It received accordingly an uncommonly gracious reception from a public by no means too prone to reward and encourage poetical merit; edition after edition was called for; and Brit-

tain felicitated herself on still possessing one genuine son of song to strike the harp amidst the ruins of departed taste and genius.

How flattering and seductive all this must have been to the mind of a young poet, even the least poetical amongst us must easily imagine; and we should therefore readily pardon Mr. Campbell if, amidst all the acclamations bestowed upon him, he for a while forgot that men of sound taste and judgment rather praised him for what they believed he had shewn himself capable of one day performing than for what he had already atchieved; that he had hitherto thrown down only the pledge of future eminence; had only entered on his career of glory with some success, but not entitled himself to retire from the field with the honours of a veteran, and repose under the shade of laurels so newly planted. Nevertheless the poetical enthusiasm which could suffer such a delusion to prevail for years over every active impulse, and content itself in hearing the voice of praise grow day after day more faint and spiritless without being roused to new exertions, cannot have been very ardent. The rule of Horace is too cold and phlegmatic for the temper of a poet, a great deal too much so for that of a young poet; nor could it ever have been meant to apply to any but the more exalted or elaborate displays of genius. We should indeed be happy to see the day, though we cannot expect it, when an *epic poem* shall be considered as the work of a whole life, and remain in the work-shop of the author during as many years as it takes days in passing through the book manufactories of the present age. But that a simple tale of ninety stanzas, distinguished by no depth of thought or research, should actually lie on the author's shelf during nine annual revolutions of the sun, before it is committed to the public eye, was surely never dreamed of by the severest critic; and, therefore, the lapse of so much time between the appearance of two such works as "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming" argues a degree of lukewarmness which too often succeeds the poetical raptures of youth, but is almost a sure symptom of the decay of inspiration in the poet.

We have stated the reasons which made us open the present volume with expectations of delight far inferior to those which we believe the public in general to have conceived. Nor were our hopes much elevated on perceiving the exquisite art with which eight hundred lines of verse are spread out over an immense field of seventy-three large quarto pages, with which twenty-four more are covered by a handful of notes, easily compressible into one leaf of this Review,

and, finally, with which the slender volume is swelled into its actual dimensions by the insertion of three or four smaller pieces of poetry which have already appeared in almost as many shapes and sizes as the press will admit. We have, indeed, by some means or other, imbibed a prejudice which not all the illustrious examples of the present age have sufficed to remove, that the free spirit of poetry who dwells in woods and forests, is utterly irreconcilable with the book-making gnomes of the Row, at the first sound of whose leaden footsteps the heaven born genius

'Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.'

But we are old men; and probably are mistaken, as well we may be, considering that our early impressions on these important topics were received at a period previous to the Scottish invasion of 1745.

We may be accused of having indulged the privilege of "talking old age" at the expence of our readers, in delaying so long to furnish them with some knowledge of the volume which it is our duty to examine. But this delay has been purposely made, because we are well aware, from the high name of Mr. Campbell, that we shall be expected to protract the present article to some respectable dimensions, and were we to confine ourselves to the materials which he has furnished, they are so very scanty, that, instead of giving extracts, we should be obliged to reprint the whole book, which might well be done without encroaching on a second sheet of our number. Having, therefore, so far successfully exercised one branch of the book-making art (formerly much prized, but neglected of late years since the invention of more easy and efficacious expedients) by composing a preface equal in extent to the body of our work, we now proceed to the *less essential* part of our labours, the performance of our duty.

The following short advertisement will open something of the design of the poem to such of our readers as are not well versed in American history.

'Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming in Pensylvania, which took place in 1778 by an incursion of the Indians. Though the scenery and incidents of the following poem, are connected with that event, I forbear to quote any of the historical pages which give a minute detail of it, because the circumstances narrated are disagreeable, and even horrible. It is sufficient for my purpose to state, that the testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxu-

riant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Weld informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.'

The *business* of the poem is then introduced by half a dozen stanzas, in the imagery or sentiment of which it must be confessed that there is very little of novelty, and in which the attraction of some pleasing natural pictures is (to us at least) very much diminished by the strained inversions of words and sentences, affected phraseology, and the no unfrequent recurrence of harsh and unmusical versification.

'On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall,
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.—
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude *in her bowers of yore*,
Whose beauty was the love of Pensylvania's shore!

'*It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune*
His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance along thy river calm at noon
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
Their timbrel, in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flowret new;
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.'

This last stanza requires some little observation as we pass. In the first place it is, we believe, very ill stopped—this, Mr. Campbell may allege, is the fault of his printer—but we must also say that, after vainly endeavouring for the space of a full hour to supply the defect by every variety of conjectural emendation, we are totally unable to restore the corrupted passages either to grammar or intelligibility.

Even the *first* stanza is obscure enough in one or two passages which we have ventured to print in Italics—yet *that*

———'To some faint meaning makes pretence,'

The *second* 'never deviates into sense.'

One should be in some degree conversant with the strange perplexities of human language to discover that *but* in the first line of this stanza means *except*; yet, after this know-

ledge has been attained, how very stiff and teeth-breaking is the inversion! But what "*the dance of forests brown,*" can mean it is utterly impossible to conjecture;* and it must ever remain a point of no inconsiderable difficulty whether the *maidens* were "prankt in flowret new;" or whether the maidens *prankt* the *timbrel* in flowret new; or what is the meaning of a *timbrel prankt in flowret new;* or, lastly, how we are to construe the *two* concluding lines; and how and in what manner, by what process or combination of rhetorical figures, the *four* last lines are to be united so as to depend upon the five former ones. But, to proceed,

'Then, where of Indian hills the day-light takes
His leave, how might you the *flamingo* see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's songs or hum of men,
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

'And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but *in transatlantic story rung,*
For here the exile met from every clime,
And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where *no Rhenish trumpet sung,*
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

'Nor far *some Andalusian saraband*
Would sound to many a native roundelay;
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away!
Green Albyn!† what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay;
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrachtan's‡ roar!

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* Mr. Wordsworth has somewhere an ode or sonnet about *dancing leaves*, and it is barely possible that Mr. Campbell may have borrowed the idea from that *very simple* little poem—but still the question remains unanswered, now he would have it applied in the present case?

† Scotland.

‡ The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides

'Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forc'd him from a home he lov'd so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage *from his own fair sheaf,*
That fired his Highland blood *with mickle glee;*
And England sent her men, *of men the chief,*
Who taught those sires of empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life; to plant fair freedom's tree!'

Not to mention the unintelligible *confusedness* of description which brings before us flamingoes *disporting* like meteors, war and crime being *sung* in transatlantic story, *trumpets singing,* and *sarabands sounding* to *roundelays,* we really do not know when we have seen an equal number of verses with the preceding so crowded with instances of twisted grammar, and difficult expression. What can be the meaning of "*a deer arching his neck from glades,*" we find it hard to divine: while the ellipsis in the penultimate verse of the second,* and the inversion in the second verse of the last† stanza, are such examples of harsh, and at the same time of tame and spiritless phraseology, as we are astonished to meet with at the present period of poetical art, when, whatever may be the intrinsic merit of our poetry, its general and more obvious rules at least are so well understood that the merest *dabbler* who writes with any attention knows how to keep up the *appearances* of metrical dignity. We should be very unwilling to be thought to bear hard upon a poet of Mr. Campbell's reputation for trifles; and therefore that we may avoid the charge as far as is consistent with our duty to the public, we shall withhold the censures which we think due to other phrases and expressions besides those we have particularly noticed, and follow Mr. Campbell to the commencement of his story.

The inhabitants of Wyoming were good and happy enough to live without justices, council, or attornies. Their little disputes were easily settled by arbitration; and on such occasions, a venerable gentleman called Albert, was the umpire constantly resorted to, whose decisions were regarded by the whole district as final and conclusive. Albert was "a Briton" by birth; and in early life "a Briton's independence" taught him to seek his fortunes in America—one of the most unprofitable lessons, we verily believe, that *independence* has ever taught her children.—In the present instance, however, the result appears to have been happier than usual. Albert had already lived for many years a peace-

* On plains no siegi g mine's volcano shook.
† That want's stern edict e'er, and *feudal grief.*

able and prosperous inhabitant of the retired settlement of Wyoming, undisturbed by any calamity except the death of his wife, who left him, "a widow'd father," to protect her infant Gertrude.

'*A loved bequest and I may half impart*
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
Up rose that living flow'r beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours *when she would round his garden play*,
To time when as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew from pleasing day to day.

'I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind;)
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.

'And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm *that help'd to light*,
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by night.'

The elder visitor, thus introduced, was the hero of the Oneyda tribe; and the child whom he brought with him, the orphan son of Waldegrave, an English officer who had lately fallen in a skirmish with the hostile nation of the Hurons. The widow of Waldegrave, and mother of the child, survived her loss only long enough to recommend him to the care of the good Outalissi, whom she entreated to find some means of conveying him to his European friends. This, at least, we *believe* to be correct; for among our many objections to the poem, it is not one of the least that the story is related in so confused and broken a manner, as to be hardly intelligible. Old Albert luckily traces in the name of Waldegrave, and in the features of the child, the memory of one of his earliest and dearest connexions. He receives him as the sacred pledge of friendship from the hands of Outalissi,

who, thus released from his engagement to the deceased, stays but a night to partake of the hospitality of Wyoming, and with the next morning began to retrace his solitary footsteps through the desart to the land of the Oneydas.

As the whole description of this Indian warrior is one of the most poetical and most unembarrassed passages in the work, we should be doing our readers injustice by withholding it from them.

'He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy;
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look:
A soul that pity touch'd but never shook:
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A Stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.—

'Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, *in act to go*,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

'Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet,
Oh! say, to morrow, that the white man's hand
Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
While I in lonely wilderness shall meet
Thy little foot prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain-roe.

'Adieu! *sweet scion of the rising sun!*
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again —my own adopted one!
And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
The crocodile, the condor of the rock—
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
And gratulate his soul, rejoicing in the stars!'—

So finish'd he the rhyme, howe'er uncouth,
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen
An eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

'Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing, he seem'd to glide;—
Then dived, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, his bark, and plumage bright.'

Thus ends the first part of the poem. The opening of the second introduces us, somewhat more particularly, to the scene of Albert's habitation and to the character and occupation of his lovely Gertrude. As for the newly adopted son, we hear not a word more about him, and begin to imagine that the poet has entirely forgotten ever having introduced him to our notice, when we learn that (many years being supposed to have passed over in the short interval of twelve stanzas) while Gertrude is one day reading Shakespeare in a favourite bower,

——— 'Chance had usher'd to its inmost ground
The stranger guest of many a distant clime;
He was, *to weet*, for eastern mountains bound;
But late the equator suns his cheeks had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.—

'A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, and could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features:—she her lovely face
Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.'

We hardly know whether our novel-readers need to be informed, or not, that this personage is the identical Henry Waldegrave who was saved by Outalissi; patronized by Albert, and so unaccountably abandoned by Mr. C.: but we will venture to assure them that in the whole circle of their romances they have never yet met with *a surprise* calculated to produce so little *effect* as this.

After a most unintelligible account both of the purpose and circumstances of his long wanderings in various parts of Europe, *El Dorado*, and California, the young man very appositely concludes his speech by asking the hand of Gertrude; a request with which she, 'nothing loath,' instantly complies; while Albert, overjoyed at the immediate prospect of so good a settlement, loses no time in bringing the negotiation to a conclusion.

The third part opens with the following description of connubial happiness in the sequestered state of Wyoming.

'O Love! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art *a god indeed divine.*
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, which boundless joy inspire!
Roll on ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor blind with extasy's celestial fire
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

'Three little moons, how short, amidst the grove,
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, *in fancifully wild costume,*
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume,
And forth in *hunter-seeming vest* they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen, to share.

'*What though the sportive dog oft round them note,*
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting at the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death, those gentle throats that wake the spring;
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs.
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

'Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
And pines their fawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart the idea stole,
(Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd,)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.'

There is certainly some poetry, and a great deal of sentiment in the foregoing passage, particularly in the last stanza, which upon the whole is very beautiful, though somewhat obscurely expressed towards the conclusion; and we are sorry to qualify this praise by calling to the reader's attention the instances of bad taste, and bad phraseology, which are even here to be met with. Some of the most glaring we have pointed out by italics in our quotation,—the rest we shall leave to our readers to discover for themselves. To those who are acquainted with Sotheby's enchanting version of Wieland, we fear that Mr. C. will appear to some disadvantage when they compare the loves of Henry and Gertrude with the almost parallel passage of Huon and Armanda in the cave of the Hermit.

The prospect of happiness, which opened so auspiciously to the wedded lovers of Wyoming, was too soon overclouded by the gathering storm of war. The savage Brandt, a celebrated partizan of the Mohawk nation during the early period of the American Revolution, whose cruelties were much more disgraceful than serviceable to the cause for which he was hired, poured with his tribes of plunderers on the defenceless colony of Wyoming, and reduced the lovely vale of peace and happiness to a mass of smoking desolation. The little family are warned of his approach by the sudden apparition of Outalissi, who having been driven out of his own habitation and compelled to witness the ruthless massacre of his tribe and family by the same barbarian, fled to Wyoming to preserve his ancient friends from the descending calamity. They escape just in time to witness, from a place of safety, the destruction of every thing dear and valuable to their recollections. After having gazed in anguish and despair on the afflicting scene before them, the melancholy exiles pursue their flight to the nearest American fort, just at the very entrance of which they are overtaken by the fate that they had vainly hoped to avoid.

> 'Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
> Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
> Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
> The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
> And Albert—Albert falls! *the dear old father bleeds!'*

It is a great pity that a catastrophe which Mr. C. doubtless meant to render affecting by its simplicity, should be so unhappily expressed as (we are afraid) to provoke a smile, rather than a tear, from the greater part of its readers. The conclusion is much more pathetically worked up; and is

such, from the very nature of the circumstances attending it, as, (had Mr. C. at all succeeded in creating a previous interest in our minds for the principal actors,) it would be impossible to read without emotion. Our extracts, however, have already been so considerable that it will be enough to say on the present occasion, that Gertrude herself has received the fatal shot at the same instant with her father; and that Henry Waldegrave is at length roused from the stupor of his affliction, and animated to a bloody revenge by the furious death-song of his old friend Outalissi, with which the poem concludes.

The observations so freely made by us in the course of the preceding sketch may dispense with the necessity of a general critique on the merits and defects of the poem. Its beauties (we are sorry to repeat the opinion) are thinly scattered, and, even where most prominent, are fatally obscured by blemishes and inconsistencies. We think it evident that Mr. C. was ill advised in adopting the Spenserian stanza, which he is unable to manage with the characteristic grace and dignity bestowed upon it by its original founder and by many more successful followers. But we fear that, upon the whole, the poem before us gives too strong evidence of a much more fatal defect, the absence of poetical enthusiasm and inspiration.

ART. II.—*Bancroft's Life of General Washington, (concluded from p. 424. Vol. XVI.)*

BUT though the American soldiers were thus indignant at the injustice which they thought that they had experienced from their own government, yet they refused to betray their country to the enemy. For when Sir H. Clinton sent agents to induce them to join his standard, under the promise of very advantageous terms, they rejected the proposal with disdain; and 'they delivered up his emissaries to General Wayne who hanged them as spies.'

The spirit of mutiny originating in the same causes made its appearance in other parts of the army, and threatened its total dissolution. Some of the Jersey brigades revolted; but Washington, relying on the firmness and patriotism of the New England battalions which were almost entirely composed of native Americans, determined to reduce them to unconditional subjection. Some of the ringleaders were executed, and subordination was restored.

A loan of six millions of livres, with which the United States were at this time favoured by the French government, proved a very seasonable succour in the present exigencies of the republicans; and General Washington, in conjunction with the French commanders, resumed the plan of vigorous operations. The different states made unusual exertions, and effectual measures were adopted to supply the army with provisions. In 1781, the success of the American arms began to be decidedly predominant. Lord Cornwallis and his army were made prisoners; an event which excited universal joy through the American states. The prospect of independence and of peace now began to gladden the hearts of those which had been often depressed with so many uncertainties and reverses during the war.

In 1782, negotiations for a general peace were begun at Paris, and the independence of the United States was proposed as a preliminary by the British minister. After the cessation of hostilities great discontents prevailed in the American army on account of the delay of congress in adopting some fixed plan for liquidating the arrears of the troops, and for providing some adequate recompense for those who had endured so many toils and privations to procure the national independence. These discontents were artfully aggravated by factious individuals, who disseminated the most atrocious calumnies respecting the intentions of government. But this turbulence was appeased and these machinations defeated by the address and patriotism of Washington; who was a rare instance of exemption from that propensity to tyranny, which has, in all ages, been the characteristic of military men when elevated by the chances of war to a pinnacle of power which renders them able to destroy the liberties of their fellow creatures.

On the fourth of December 1783, General Washington closed his career by a parting interview at New York with the companions of his dangers and his toils.

"At noon the principal officers of the army assembled at Francis's tavern, and their general soon entered the room. His emotions were too great for concealment. Filling a glass of wine he turned to them and said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." He drank the wine, and proceeded. "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come and take me by the hand." General Knox being the nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, General Washington grasped his hand and embraced him. In the same

affecting manner, he took leave of each succeeding officer. From every eye dropped the tear of sensibility, and not a single word interrupted the tenderness of the scene. He immediately left the room, and passed through a corps of light infantry, on his way to White Hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Powles' Hook. The whole company followed with feelings that words cannot express. Having entered the barge, he turned, and waving his hat, bid them a silent adieu.'

He soon after resigned his commission to the congress, when he retired to Mount Vernon, thinking to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family. The retired modesty and domestic virtues of Washington combined with the heroism and firmness, which he displayed on the tumultuous scene of public life, constitute a character which was as amiable as it was exalted; and in which the affections which excite love are blended with those qualities which produce admiration. In three days after his arrival at Mount Vernon, General Washington thus expresses the state of his feelings in a letter to his friend General Clinton.

'The scene,' says he, 'is at length closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care, and hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues.'

These sensations are more fully developed in a letter to Fayette.

The pursuits of General Washington at this period were a renewal of habits formed in an earlier season of life, and a recurrence to employments in which he ever took delight; and he is said not to have experienced any of that dissatisfaction and weariness which are usually felt by those who leave the busy ambition of public life for the silent scenes of retirement. But in 1787, General Washington was again reluctantly induced by the imbecility of the existing government and its total inadequacy to the public exigencies, to take an active part in public affairs. He was chosen president of the convention which was met at Philadelphia. In March 1789, he was unanimously elected president of the United States for four years. It was with the greatest reluctance that Washington accepted this situation.

In a letter to Colonel Lee he says,

'You know my invincible attachment to domestic life; and that my sincerest wish is to continue in the enjoyment of it solely until my final hour.

'Though I prize as I ought, the good opinion of my fellow citizens, yet if I know myself, I would not seek popularity at the expence of one social duty or moral virtue.'

To his friend Colonel Hamilton he writes,

'You know me well enough, my good Sir, to be persuaded that I am not guilty of affectation, when I tell you it is my great and sole desire to live and die in peace and retirement on my own farm.'

These professions of the love of a retired life were not an hypocritical pretext to veil the ambitious propensities which lurked in his heart. They seem to have been his real wish; and though we do not believe that men often accept of places of high distinction with any sincere repugnance, yet we are far from thinking that on this occasion Washington expressed a repugnance which he did not feel.

The feelings, with which he again entered upon public life, are thus recorded upon his private journal.

'About ten o'clock, I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best dispositions to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

In 1793, General Washington was elected president a second time by the unanimous suffrage of his country. This second period of his presidentcy was more turbulent than the preceding. Great differences of opinion, which were gradually aggravated into an irreconcilable animosity, prevailed between two members of his council, Mr. Jefferson, secretary of state, and Colonel Hamilton, secretary of the treasury. The French revolution began, at the same time, to create violent feuds in the United States, which were greatly increased by the intemperate conduct of citizen Genet the ambassador from republican France. Under his directions privateers were fitted out in the American ports to cruise against the English trade, while he instituted courts of admiralty to condemn the prizes which were thus unlawfully made. Genet evidently thought that the great body of the Americans were so warmly interested in the events of the French revolution, that he might set the prohibitions of the government at defiance, and he threatened more than once to appeal from the executive to the people. His conduct placed the president in a very delicate and embarrassing situation. After sustaining various affronts from the insulting temerity of M. Genet, General Washington at last determined to

suspend his ministerial functions, and to take the ambassador himself into custody. But M. Genet was recalled on the evening previous to the day when these orders were to have been carried into execution.

The French faction, which was powerfully aided by the democratic societies, seemed likely to prevail and threatened the existence of the federal government. Washington omitted no measure which wisdom and policy could suggest to dissipate the popular prejudice and to appease the national discontent.—But while he acted with moderation, he did not relinquish his firmness; and he determined not to suffer the clamours of party to hurry him into a conduct which he thought adverse to the interests of his country.—Mr. Jay had been sent to negociate a treaty with Great Britain, which had become the subject of violent opposition in the United States. The president, notwithstanding the odium of the measure, had determined to ratify it; meetings respecting it were held in different parts of the country, the strength of parties was fully tried, and the executive was supported by a considerable majority.—Washington clearly saw that the object of France at this period was to produce a war between Great Britain and the United States, and to pour the revolutionary mania into the peaceful bosom of their happy government.—We do not think that we say too much when we affirm that at this period it was the genius of Washington which preserved the tranquillity of America. 'There is but one straight course,' said Washington, 'and that is, to seek truth, and to pursue it steadily.'—The interest of his country was the truth which he sought, and which no illusions of popularity could induce him to abandon.

'I had no conception,' said Washington, in a letter to Mr. Jefferson, in 1796, 'that parties would or even could go the lengths I have been witness to; nor did I believe, until lately, that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent, as far as our obligations and justice would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation, and subject to the influence of another; and to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations of them be made, by giving one side only of a subject, and that too in such exaggerated and indecent terms, as could scarcely be applied to a Nero—to a notorious defaulter,—or even to a common pickpocket.'

On the 7th of December 1796, the president met the national legislature for the last time. Previous to this he had

published an address to the people of the United States in which he had declined being again a candidate for the office of president, while he had delivered what may not improperly be called his testamentary advice respecting the true interest of America. We do not believe that more political wisdom is contained in any writing of the same extent than in this.—He particularly exhorts the different provinces to preserve their union entire, under one common government, not to suffer any local or variable interest, to weaken that great interest which they all have in the closest concentration of their resources and their strength. By this means they would best avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which are most unfavourable to liberty, under every form of political administration.

'Your union,' says the great transatlantic patriot, 'ought to be considered as the main prop of your liberty: and the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.'

He seems to think that one common government may by a judicious organization be well adapted to the whole territory, notwithstanding the unusual magnitude of its dimensions. But he says that a government for the whole, is indispensable to the efficacy and permanency of their union; and that no alliances can be an adequate substitute for such a government.

'The basis of our political systems,' says Washington, 'is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

'All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small, but artful and enterprising, minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.'

He most affectionately and most impressively warns his

countrymen against the mischievous influence of party; and most truly does he remark, that 'though patriotism may look with indulgence upon the spirit of party, in governments which are of a monarchical cast, that it is a spirit which ought not to be encouraged in a purely elective government.' He seems to think that liberty may be best preserved by a system of checks, or by distributing the power of the state, 'into different depositories,' and making each the guardian of the public weal against the invasion of the rest. He considers religion and morality as the indispensable supports of public prosperity, and virtue as the essential mainspring of popular government. He inculcates just and amicable feelings towards all nations, rather than the indulgence of passionate attachment towards some, and of antipathy towards others. He recommends the friendly intercourse of commercial advantage with other nations, without any *political* connections. Europe has, as he well remarks, 'a set of primary interests,' with which America has no concern. The United States are advised not to entangle 'their peace and prosperity in the toils of European' politics.

On Friday, December 13, 1799, General Washington was seized with an inflammation in the trachea, and he died the next night, December 14, in the full possession of his faculties. Few lives have been so useful as his.—Indeed we know none whom we can place higher in the scale of virtue, as the benefactor of his species.—His moral temperament was of the most happy kind. All his passions and affections seem to have been preserved in a rational equilibrium. He was endued with a singular capacity to master the more violent and irregular emotions which tempest the bosoms of other men, and subvert the peace of society. This was not the effect of art, but the product of a virtuous discipline, which he appears long and early to have exercised over himself. In judgment he was certainly superior to most men who have made a figure in history. This judgment was exercised early, and in circumstances well calculated to mature and to perfect it. In all the trying exigencies of the war, his judgment was eminently conspicuous; and in the most difficult conjunctures he hardly ever pronounced an opinion of which the event did not verify the justness, and afford proof of his sagacity.—There was nothing capricious nor unstable in his conduct. He saw the right path, and he pursued it with undeviating constancy.—The pole-star not of fame, but of duty, was his guide. He was not insensible to the charm of popular applause, but he never consented to purchase popularity by the sacrifice of principle. He loved applause, but

he loved justice mo e.—He preserved a philosophical equanimity in the most adverse situations. Despondency could find no ingress into his heart; the portals were guarded by patience on one side, and fortitude on the other; while religious confidence reposed in the sanctuary within. His benevolence, though it was far from being accompanied with that specious sensibility, which often serves only to relax the energies of virtue, was yet impressed with all the characteristic marks of genuine worth.—It was diffusive though it was discriminating; and though it was under the guidance of reflection, yet none of the coldness of apathy entered into the composition. The true unvitiated philanthropy of Washington was seen in all the relations amid which he was placed. His family and his friends had a large experience of his benign, friendly, and beneficent disposition. But the partial sympathies of the man, though all practised in their due proportions and degrees, were all absorbed, when the occasion demanded, in the bosom of the patriot. His body and his soul, his faculties and his life were devoted to the service of his country.—He was a rigorous economist where economy was a patriotic virtue. His services, unbribed by place or pension, were a gratuitous offering to his country. He did not grow rich by taxing the industry of his fellow creatures. He carried with him into public life those sentiments of honesty, which are seldom practised except in private. Men are seldom scrupulous with respect to acts of public injustice, whose delicacy of honour would not suffer them to do an act of wrong to an individual. But a sacred sense of moral obligation seems to have been present to the mind of Washington in every situation. This was intimately identified with the belief of an overruling providence; and of a state of retribution after death. Thus his character contributed in a signal manner to restrain the atrocities which are incident to a revolution, to moderate the passions of the people, and to keep them in subjection to the sway of justice and truth.

ART. III.— *Memorials of Nature and Art, collected on a Journey in Great Britain during the Years* 1802 *and* 1803. *By Christian Augustus Gottlieb Goede. Translated from the original German, by Thomas Horne.* 3 *Vols. price* 16*s.* 6*d.* Mawman.

IN describing the character, and investigating the merits and defects of the constitution of a country, and in estimating its excellence in literature and works of art, a foreigner,

among many other advantages not enjoyed by a native engaged in the same task, possesses the important one of detecting at one glance, the absurdity, or inconvenience of habits, to which use has blinded its inhabitants; and when he restricts himself to what he sees, or believes, his account will often instruct, if it fail to entertain his readers. His judgment, in comparing the habits of one kingdom with those of another, may be admitted as clear, and unbiassed; but when his own becomes a subject of comparison, his praise, or censure, is of little value: his prejudices are transported along with him, and place him on a level with the most partial inhabitant on whom he passes judgment. He will make a shew of liberality in discussing things of small moment, and perhaps be really sincere in his approbation; but when an object of his national pride is brought to the balance, the opposite scale will invariably kick the beam.

It is to the advantage of the book before us, that the author has not on many subjects instituted a competition between his country and our own; in fact there can be but little rivalry between us; and even in respect to literature, where he exults over us without mercy; we think, and are proud to think, that there is very little in common to us and Germany.

After expatiating on the spirit of commerce which characterises England, the author proceeds with a strain of extravagant compliment to our public spirit; and thus announces the dominion of talent;

'In no other country do eminent talents soar to such heights, or move in a more enlarged sphere of action.'*

Our political advantages excite his enthusiastic admiration: he overrates them when he observes,

'The people raises its majestic head, asserts its claim to uncontrolled independence, appears rather to rule than to obey, takes an active share in all important events, and never acts as the passive tool of despotic power.'

'Behold the picture! is it like? like whom?'

The good people of England, 'whose active share in' late 'important events,' has been only to condemn and lament their contrivers, their measures and the consequences?

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* Who would not suppose that this remark had been written in 1808, and that it alluded to the talents and capacious views of the present cabinet?

But we will direct the reader to something more agreeable to his feelings; the journey of M. Goede from Dover to London. On his road from the former place to Canterbury, he is naturally surprised at the elegant mode in which our farmers daughters equip their persons; and wonders to find, that what to his eye were the seats of country squires, are in reality, the dwellings of farmers and of peasants.

His description of the prospect from Shooter's Hill, and the approach to the metropolis, is just and animated.

'There the eye can pursue the serpentine windings of the river up to London, and has a magnificent view of the ships, which appear at a distance like a stately forest, advancing with a slow motion. The fertile plains of the counties of Essex, Surry, and Sussex, intersected by gently sloping hills, lie extended around you; on your right hand lie the spiry turrets of Greenwich; and in the back ground the church of St. Paul's, shrouded in mists, dawns upon your sight. Village scenes gradually disappear; the villages are metamorphosed into magnificent towns; these towns seem to make nearer approaches at every instant; the animation of their busy inhabitants augments, their streets become more spacious, and at length form one interrupted line through which the traveller is almost unconsciously conveyed into the metropolis.'

The author proceeds to give a general description of London, and draws a comparison between it and Paris; of our public, and of the exterior of our private edifices, he speaks with very just contempt. The banks of our Thames, we acknowledge, cannot vie in splendour of architecture with the magnificent quays of the Seine; but the broad surface of our river, enriched with stately vessels under every pleasing variety of shape and circumstance, disdains all comparison with the stream of Paris.

The traveller concludes his first chapter with an account of the illuminations of Paris and of London, and treats the latter with perhaps less severity than they deserve.

The second chapter contains a general description of the city, its commerce, and some of its public buildings; which is given with a good deal of truth and spirit. It is impossible to follow the author through all the windings of this chapter, nor is it one of those which is so interesting to an English reader, as to others, who are strangers to our capital. That we may not be thought negligent of the dignity of our citizens, we must correct a mistake which would subject them to the censure of being so unfashionable as to spend the whole summer in their counting-houses. The west, and east ends of London, are *not* 'peopled by entirely different classes of the community,' who while 'the inhabitants of the

western division constantly emigrate out of town five months in the year,' ' uninterruptedly continue in the sphere of their activity.' On the contrary, many of the splendid houses at the west end of the town, belong to men who are engaged in commercial concerns at the east; and who as well as many others contrive during the summer to escape from their mercantile affairs, and *slip down* for a few weeks to some fashionable bathing-place on the neighbouring coast.

The third and fourth chapters contain a description of the west end of the town, of its inhabitants, and their amusements; which is written with much discrimination, and some merited severity. The fifth is occupied by a melancholy subject; an account, (and we hope an aggravated one) of that unhappy class of beings, who are most unjustly and cruelly misnamed votaries of pleasure. Although our opinion of the generality of female boarding schools, is not a very favourable one; we cannot believe that a great proportion of these poor creatures ' are young ladies, whose morals have been corrupted at an early age in boarding schools.' &c. p. 175.

The author perhaps was in London, about the time when several venders of indecent prints, and pamphlets, acknowledged on their prosecution, that they occasionally disposed of their wares to some boarding schools of fashion and repute, and from this fact, very much exaggerated, it was natural enough to expect the consequences he mentions. But we believe that the bad impressions which a girl imbibes at school, wear away on her return to the roof of her parents, (when those parents afford examples of virtuous and domestic habits.) In those circumstances, it is interesting to watch her conduct; how from a giddy forward girl, tainted with the follies (we will use no harsher phrase) of the society she has just left, she gradually assumes the correct manners, and dignified deportment of a virtuous woman; and at length acquires a decision of character, which promises happiness and respectability, to the man with whom she is destined to spend her future life. On the contrary, we reluctantly acknowledge, that when she finds at home dissipation and examples which, though perhaps not strictly vicious, have nothing in them which can encourage any hidden propensity to virtue, she becomes, if in high life, unamiable, unattached; and if she remain innocent of any gross breach of virtue, until the time of her marriage, she enters into that engagement with a view of being more at liberty, and of enjoying the same, or greater oportunities of fashionable indulgence, than she had at home: and without exciting any astonishment

amongst her acquaintance, adds one to the numerous instances of connubial infidelity. If she ranks in the middle class of society, she probably becomes under the same inauspicious domestic circumstances, an unfortunate instance of that extreme degradation in the scale of society, and of that depravity of mind and conduct, which our author affirms to result so often from an ill directed and relaxed education. In a future chapter (7th) the author attributes the remains of female virtue in England to 'the manners of English domestic life,' and we have probably fallen into this digression in consequence of having cursorily cast our eyes over this passage, which contains sentiments very much resembling those which we have just now declared. The author proceeds with an unfeeling minuteness to compare the prostitutes of Paris with those of London, and concludes the chapter with an account of the Magdalen Hospital.

The sixth chapter is occupied in a description of our police; and of those who are, or ought to be, the objects of its exertions. Among the latter he very properly includes those licensed murderers, the composers and venders of quack-medicines, and tells a ludicrous story, and not an improbable one, exemplifying the tricks by which they foist themselves into the confidence of their employers. Our watchmen, who literally are in many instances mere *watchmen*, (for if they see, they do not often prevent robberies,) are very deserving subjects of his contemptuous animadversions, instead of being safe guards, they, like the Roman eunuchs, require some one to look after them.—

'Sed quis custodiet ipsos
Custodes?'

May with as much reason proceed from the mouth of a London citizen as from that of a Roman husband.

In the seventh chapter, the author considers Hume's position that the English are of all nations most deficient in national character, 'if this very want should not be considered as such,' as 'more witty than just.' He does not appear to us to have seconded this opinion, either by good proofs, or good arguments; he seems to mistake manners for character, and when he speaks of the uniformity which characterises our education, shews himself as ignorant of his subject, as when he omits Winchester in his enumeration of our public schools: our 'most renowned of this description are Eton, Westminster, the Charter-house, and Harrow on the Hill.'

Of our universities the author affects to speak in very disdainful terms. Without confuting this bigoted foreigner by producing a list of a few of the great men who have

been educated in them, it will be sufficient praise to them, and satisfaction enough to a rational and unprejudiced reader, to know from his own account, that nothing can be more unlike, than an English and a German university.

We allow his remark, that no sincere friendships are formed at female boarding-schools, to be generally founded on truth; but we do not think that 'among boys (at school) a bond of fraternal union is cemented;' and for this reason: at school, boys chiefly associate with those of their own form, or class; they must necessarily spend much of their time together, however different in character, and pursuits. It is at the university that a man makes a free choice of his companions, and of course this choice, supposing no great inequality in circumstances, is influenced only by similarity of taste, and of disposition; and a firm and lasting friendship is the natural consequence.

We cordially agree with the author, when he asserts that many of our private schools are miserably defective, both in their plan of education, and in regard to the talents of their conductors. We have heard an anecdote which we believe to be a fact, that a lady meeting with a man who had a year or two before lived as footman in the family, accosted him with 'John! how do you do? it is a long time since we have seen or heard any thing of you.' 'Yes, Ma'am,' replied John with much gravity; 'my time is now fully occupied, I am usher at ——Place.'

About one hundred and forty pages, at the conclusion of vol. I, are devoted to politics, and political characters. This part of the work justifies the censure which the translator in his advertisement has applied to it. 'Of the author's temporary politics, though much has been omitted, much has been spared that deserved scarcely a better fate.' His errors, however, are not greater than might be expected from a stranger who culled his information from the publications and reports of the day.

The second volume is occupied by remarks on our administration of public justice, and on those who are professionably engaged in it; the manners, dress, character, and domestic habits of the higher classes of society; the manners, character, and amusements, of the London populace; the state of the established church and its ministers; the various sects, their origin and tenets; and on the humanity of the English, as instanced in their public charities. In regard to the first subject the author expresses great admiration of our equal distribution of justice, and of that material security of it, trial by jury. As might be expected from a German, he prefers the highly figurative declamation of the Irish

bar, to the more solid and close reasoning and acute application of apparently irrelevant facts, which distinguish our most eminent English lawyers. He thinks that a greater security might be given to the public, by adopting measures for the more certain and immediate detection of swindlers, &c.; but he is not aware of the ingenuity, and indefatigable industry of the class of men whom he would shackle and detect, by the unconstitutional application of 'passport,' 'certificates,' and 'an inquisitorial process;' and by the employment of 'special porters.' He reprobates the admission of circumstantial evidence in case of felony; but he should have recollected that the blackest crime which disgraces our calendars, is inconsistent with positive evidence; murder is the work of secrecy and darkness.

Every humane man must lament the justice of the following observation.

'The English criminal law deduces its origin from those barbarous ages, when no adequate proportion of offences and punishments was established. The extreme rigour of many of its regulations, the vast disproportion in the scale of punishments, and the ambiguity of the penal code, have not hitherto led to any substantial reform.'

The author's remarks on the manners of high life, may prove entertaining, and perhaps useful to an English reader, by placing in a strong light objects to which he has been so gradually introduced, or which he has found mixed with so many others, that they have never engaged his particular attention. The confusion of metaphor, and verbose inanity of the German, are sometimes too faithfully rendered by his translator. For instance, in p. 66 and 67, we find 'bold strokes and outlines engraven,' &c. in the progress of the metaphor transfigured into 'rays of light,' 'concentrated in a focus;' and at the bottom of the last mentioned page, we have the following wild imagery:

'Opinions are deposited like cast clothes; nay, as if the perpetual rotation, which engulphs every thing within its vortex, were a sure pledge of immutability, it is no where more fashionable to speak of fixed maxims, solid systems, and profound principles. At one moment the people exult with puerile satisfaction over the brittle edifices of their own manufacture; in the next, they loudly proclaim their triumph, when the visionary fabric tumbles headlong to the ground.'

Before we read M. Goede's chapter, on the London populace, we imagined that nothing could be more wretched than the

dwellings of the lower order of them; we have, however, a melancholy and hardly innocent satisfaction in learning from him that they are not the most unfortunate beings in Europe in this respect: the middling class of citizens in many towns of Lower Saxony are, in this, inferior to them.

The author contradicts himself in his abuse of the London mob: he says, p. 119.

'It is absolutely impossible for the most ingenious panegyrist to say any thing in favour of the mob. They are destitute of every noble attribute of humanity.'

English readers will not allow M. Goede much praise for chivalrous feelings, when they peruse what follows, in page 133.

'Their most savage tribes, &c. pay, nevertheless, such a high tribute of regard to the ladies, that we might almost be inclined to refer it to a fine sense of moral distinctions. Nay, even the most vulgar fellow among them would feel a repugnance to make his wife perform masculine functions, &c.'

Is not this saying something in favour of the mob? Mr. G., it seems, thinks not, perhaps because the conduct of the German peasant is exactly the reverse.

The author has given a very superficial account of Newgate; but his description of Bartholomew-fair, which terminates this part of the work, is evidently the production of a spectator; and we give M. Goede great praise for his courage and perseverance, in bustling through this scene of popular triumph and revelry: it will no doubt be a very acceptable morsel to the most inquisitive part of his readers.

In his chapter on the religions of the established church, and of our sectaries, and the characters of their various teachers, he shews less information than in any other in the whole work; his account of the state of arts in England, perhaps excepted. We believe that he never makes any wilful sacrifice of veracity; but like Falstaff, he seems to have 'forgotten what the inside of a church is made of.'

M. Goede is guilty of something like inconsistency in his observations on the reading and preaching of the clergy. Alluding to the act of prayer he says,

'Instead of assuming an humble tone of profound reverence in the presence of the Eternal, they *raise their voices to such a pitch*, as apparently to belie the sentiments which they express, and excite a very painful sensation in the mind of every observant spectator.' P. 177.

At the bottom of the same page, he continues,

'That *dull and frigid tone* which leaves such a disagreeable impression upon the mind in the solemn act of prayer, &c.'

Were we to admit that there is no contradiction in what we have quoted above, it is evident that his acquaintance with the clergy who officiate in the metropolis must have been very partial: for he would otherwise have found some, whose propriety of delivery and unaffected devotion, would more than answer the expectations of a man of unvitiated taste; and he would have found among that class of the regular clergy, who, according to a custom of no very ancient date,* are chosen by their congregations to 'speak unto them smooth things;' some who by their cant and grimace, seem to think that the Supreme Being is to be wheedled or tricked into a compliance with their requests; and whose violence of action, and overstrained hyperhole of language, would have gratified the eyes and ears of the most complete German.

M. Goede does not appear to possess the key to the arcana of the Methodists. Their doctrines like the popish wares of absolution and indulgences, are very comfortable; and it is owing to this property, that they possess more members of, in other respects, enlightened minds and venerable character; who, driven from every other solace by misfortune or disappointment, make a trial of the stimulating ingredients which the system of Wesley contains; and they easily persuade themselves that there is no error in those opinions, and no fallacy in those sensations, which they think of so much consequence to their happiness. But our author is not aware of another inducement by which Wesley engaged those of the inferior stations;—their rise in the scale of self importance. A man who can make himself remarkable for the exterior of holiness, however low his condition or uncultivated his mind, is admitted as a companion by the most respectable of the fraternity. A popular member in the House of Commons has not half the attention bestowed on his most interesting speeches, that many hundreds of Methodists at a *love meeting* lavish on any illiterate individual, who may choose to make his past vices, his wonderful conversion, and his present assurances of immortal

* About the beginning of the last century. Bishop Wake laments the innovation, as lecturers, he observes, preach "not so much to the real benefit, as to the fancies and inclinations of those by whom they are to be paid for it." Principles of the Christian Religion, p. 7. of Dedication.

happiness, and the familiar intercourse which he imagines between his Maker and himself, the topic of his discourse. At *class meetings*, which are much more frequent, though less numerously attended, every member has the pleasure of talking of his temptations, and of his divine and preternatural assistances. Methodism has one of the advantages of free-masonry: it gains a stranger (if he have the gift of talking with volubility on the subject of his faith, and have a long and marvellous *experience* to relate) a home, in the most distant corner where it is professed. These are no trifling allurements to the inferior ranks of society, and it is not surprising that such form a very great proportion of the sect.

In the last chapter of this volume, our author does justice to the munificence of the English in their charitable institutions, but he finds fault with the mode of instruction which is adopted in some of them. How would this honest man (for such we believe him) have been able to express his contempt and indignation, had he known how the intention of one of the most beneficial charities of which the nation can boast, is frustrated through the unjust avarice of those who have been appointed the guardians of its rights; and that men, who still expect to be called men of honour, have publicly declined entering into an inquiry concerning abuses, which they know exist in it!

The third volume opens with a disquisition on our mercantile spirit, and the characters and manners of our commercial citizens; which, though sometimes a little too highly coloured, seems to have been the result of much patient observation. The author does not seem averse from being easily pleased with trifles, he expresses complete satisfaction at the sight of the Vauxhall cascade.

In his chapter on the literary character of the English, the author is so very diffuse, that it would occupy a greater space than can be allowed to the whole of this article, were we to make observations on every subject on which we differ in opinion. Among many just and important remarks, we meet with the prejudices which we had reason to expect from him; and his opinion is upon the whole very unfavourable to English literature. We do not feel disposed to compliment M. Goede or his countrymen on their literary republic, and on the *amalgam* of sentiment, which he infers is the boast of the German literati. The plan is childish, and evidently tends to save an author the trouble of thinking for himself. Among a number of men all determined to think and write in the same way, how many must do violence

to nature, and consequently, how few have a just claim to any honour, except what is due to patient plodding industry! An English writer does not go to school to learn feeling, or to acquire a prepossession for one particular train of thinking, but that he may know how best to apply the knowledge of others, to those particular objects, towards which he feels a natural impulse.

We lament with the author the reign of folios and quartos; and agree with him in censuring the Johnsonian style, especially when unaccompanied by the depth of thought, which in its founder renders it sometimes barely tolerable.

We have before observed that the chapter on the state of the arts in England, betrays much want of information. We admit that the author has reason for denying to our academy the appellation of school, which we believe has always been confined to a knot of artists who painted in the same style and on the same principles. Thus, for instance, N. Poussin, and Le Sueur, can never be considered as belonging to the French, but to the Roman school; and if Sir J. Reynolds ever expected the academicians of this country to adopt one style of painting, he must have known very little of the independent and original character of an Englishman of talents. Perhaps, were we ever to possess an artist of extraordinary genius in the higher branches of his profession, we might see a school of imitators flourish under him, but in our opinion there will be no new style, of any merit, in the historical department, except what will appear to tread very nearly the same paths which some one of the Italian schools, or the Flemish masters, have already beaten.

Although we are not disposed to exalt Sir J. Reynolds to the highest rank in his art, we must not tamely look on while he and his works, are the sport of ignorance and misrepresentation. Of the ignorance of the author we shall quote the following proof.

'He (Sir J.R.) has also exerted his genius in single historical figures, among which a Venus, and Ugolino in his dungeon, are recorded as his most capital performances. But he never ventured to display his talents in any grand historical composition.'

M. Goede then is ignorant that the man whose character he attacks with such severity, ever painted such things as Hercules strangling the serpents, the Cauldron scene in Macbeth, the Nativity, and several other historical pictures

(though not on so large a scale as these,) of more than one figure.

The opinion of Mengs that Sir J. Reynolds was by his lectures 'disseminating heresies among his countrymen,' is but the opinion of one painter on another, who occasionally stepped aside from his more usual walk into that of the man who passes judgment upon him; and would never influence an unprejudiced man to his disadvantage, especially in contradiction to the general sense of Europe. M. Goede affirms that he collected pictures of Titian and other great colourists '*in order* to sacrifice them to his zeal for the arts.' Mr. Malone, in his flimsy 'Some Account of Sir J. Reynolds,' does indeed talk of his destroying '*some* valuable ancient pictures' for his own improvement, and the author very quietly takes it for granted that he bought fine pictures for no other purpose. We wish Mr. M. had been more particular, and informed us what pictures, and how many, he sacrificed in this way. Our opinion of that great artist would be much altered, if it appeared that he had laid his sacrilegious hands on any picture, whose value or beauty had not been previously lessened by accident or injudicious cleaning; a fragment of a picture would have answered his purpose as well as a whole one, and it is no difficult thing to meet with such remnants of the best masters.

The author's remarks on living artists, appear to us in general too much inclining to censure, though well worth the attention of those who are the subject of them.

Speaking of the Banqueting-house, in consequence of an error in the tense, we are to suppose that Shakespeare was a contemporary of Wren and Newton: he says they '*formed* the most glorious triumvirate, &c.' This is the only mistake of the kind which we have noticed in the whole book; we cannot allow the words 'tapestry,' and 'bow windows,' to be applicable to the painting of Rubens, and the windows of the second floor of the noble building in question; nor can we silently acquiesce in Wren's elbowing Inigo Jones out of his angle in the triumvirate of worthies, in 'art, fiction, and science.'

The work concludes with an account of the stage; and we are sorry that our limits will not allow us to enter into an examination of its merits and defects: it would however be unpardonable in us to pass over the contemptuous sneer with which he notices our unrivalled actress, Mrs. Jordan. She is too old, he says, for the parts in which she generally appears: very true, she is not a girl, and she is a good-deal en bon point. But what will any one who has seen that

fascinating actress in a favourite character think of the man who could quietly calculate on the disparity of age between her and the girl she represents? He will surely conclude that he has no feeling for true and unaffected nature; and he will pity the soul which can ask itself "how old is Mrs Jordan?'

Perhaps after all, we ought to make allowances for a foreigner's want of relish for the peculiar beauties of her performance, he cannot feel that full satisfaction, that conviction of complete naturalness, which the voice and action convey to the ear and imagination of every one who has any idea of the impressions she intends to give. It is not less remarkable that M. Goede should talk of the '*melodious*' voice of Mr. Kemble: with these and one or two more exceptions there is much justice in his remarks on our actors, whom he ranks above all others in every thing that relates to gesture, though he finds much to blame in their declamation. In declaring that a Parisian audience would have 'hissed or dragged' our favourite actress off the stage, he shews very little modesty: he should not have pronounced a whole nation absurd and void of taste for admiring what he could not understand.

Of the works of our modern dramatists, (which according to order we ought to have noticed before,) the author expresses a contemptible opinion. Sheridan is of course an exception, but he laments his sacrifice of taste and character to the exigencies of the theatre: and ranks his *transformation* of German plays, among the causes of his decline.

In reviewing the work of which we now take our leave, it seemed a duty to direct our attention chiefly to the errors into which its author had fallen in consequence of his limited information in respect to English character, and English affairs. It is the custom of foreign tourists to mistake accident for habit; and to confuse their readers by attempting to explain, what they cannot possibly understand. Such books, however, do not in consequence of these imperfections lose their utility, or their power of affording amusement. Of the 'Memorials of Nature and Art,' we will venture to say, that there are few whose manners or occupations are the subjects of Mr. Goede's criticism, who will not derive advantage from it; and others who may seek for amusement only, will not fail of their object, if the animated remarks of a foreigner, on our character and manners, translated into their native tongue with elegance and perspicuity, have power to interest and entertain them.

ART. IV.—*Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By a Barrister. Part the Third. pp.* 114. 4*s.* 6*d.* 8*vo.* Johnson, 1809.

THE barrister, whose energy seems rather to freshen than to flag as he proceeds in the theological conflict, opens the third part of his Hints with the following animated reflections:

'Whether it is to be ascribed to the cunning of the interested, practising on the simplicity of the credulous, or to whatever other cause it is owing, certain it is that the multitude have ever manifested more eagerness to embrace the reveries of human weakness than the revelations of eternal wisdom. The same perverseness of mind is manifested in other matters not connected with religion. The nostrum of the mountebank will be preferred to the prescription of the regular practitioner. Why is this? Because there is something in the authoritative arrogance of the pretender by which ignorance is overawed. The same thing happens in the concerns of kingdoms and commonwealths; the perilous, but imposing, novelties of political theorists, seduce the veneration of the crowd from the comparatively cold principles of rational freedom. In each case the result is similar. The quack physics us into distemper, and the projector reforms us into ruin. What the new fraternity of ANTI-MORALISTS will accomplish, and into what high-road of evil they will carry their followers, remains to be seen; and into what vortex those who are not their followers will be swept by the strength of the current—this remains to be seen also.

'Considerate men, now numbered with the dead—for I advert to the days of our fathers—considerate men, sanguine in their hopes from the progressive advancement of the human mind, anticipated the happiest result in the diffusion of social benevolence, and the growth of practical virtue. Tracing the meliorating influence of religion, from its first break of morning light to the then period of its rise, they indulged the most gratifying predictions from the wisdom of those who were to come after them. The philosophic vision of future years floated on their fancy, and they rejoiced. But how far,—how very far,— is this augury from its fulfilment! Could these patriots—the worthiest in the train of our ancestry—could they have predicted—surely they could not—that, at an era to which they looked forward with such prophetic exultation, we, their descendants, instead of moving onwards towards the meridian of reason and truth, should be fast declining into the thick gloom of ignorance and fanaticism?—Deplorable as this consideration may be, it comes but too near reality. That high strung vigour of intellect, which once promised so much to the future, seems paralyzed and inert. The multitude appear to be drawn aside from the protection of their rightful leaders. The contagion of bigotry—

daily extending itself—has dwarfed in its progress all the natural dimensions of the popular mind. Rational devotion,—in its principles and in its practice the summit of all earthly wisdom,—is hourly disappearing before that outward sanctity which apes the form of religion without conforming to its spirit, and wears its livery without yielding to its commands.

'We seem to live in a new era.—We have been left, it should seem, hitherto without the rudiments of a christian education. Under the tuition of a *moral* clergy, the importance of personal holiness, and the certainty of a judgment to come, has been the substance of all the religious teaching we have received. A new race of divinity-tutors, rising, as it were, out of the ashes of their own corruption, have started up, professing themselves to be the only true interpreters between God and man, and, announcing themselves as EVANGELISTS, demand that we should put our conscience into their custody, and, with all due humility, repeat their catechism and receive their creed.'

The evangelical preachers, from whose writings the eloquent author has extracted numerous passages, which tend to invalidate the principle, or to supersede the necessity of moral goodness, have complained that they have been unfairly quoted by their antagonist, and that, if he had made diligent search, he might have found recommendations of moral duty and persuasives to personal holiness. The moral virtues are in some degree so necessary even to the existence of man in society that there must be moments in which the most heated enthusiast among the *evangelical anti-moralists*, can hardly fail to descry, and must be almost involuntarily led to inculcate, their importance. But it is not by the occasional or fortuitous scintillations of moral light, which are scattered at long and dreary intervals in the writings of the fanatics, that we are to judge of the real principles which they maintain, or of the effects which they have a tendency to produce. For it is not what they fortuitously or incidentally mention that we are to consider as the leading feature of their works, but what they most constantly and uniformly endeavour to establish. If they habitually inculcate principles, which cannot be made rules of action in the greater or the smaller concerns of life, without being productive of every species of iniquity, we cannot only not commend their compositions as salutary, but we cannot refrain from reprobating them as deleterious, though a moral sentiment may be here and there strewn to lessen the horror of that vitiating doctrine which they so earnestly enjoin. Those who inculcate vice will generally attempt, at least, to mask it under the colouring of virtue; but it requires but little sagacity to detect the insidious design.

The *evangelical anti-moralists*, are so conscious of the de-

formity of their principles, if traced into their practical consequences, that they feel the necessity of sometimes withdrawing the eye of the beholder from the ultimate result, and of attracting the attention to scattered points of moral beauty from which their *general principles* must necessarily lead their votaries far and wide away. But occasional sparklings of moral truth in the dark pages of the anti-moralists do not prove them to be teachers of goodness, but only show the rottenness and instability of their favourite principles, and the necessity of often contradicting themselves in order to prevent the total disgust and alienation of their readers. But if the *deliberate doctrine* of these *evangelical preachers* be adverse to goodness, we should be as absurd as themselves if we said that they uniformly encouraged virtue because they incidentally reprobate vice. Their doctrine is a strong poison, to which they themselves are occasionally led by some sense of right, or some qualms of conscience, to minister a feeble antidote. But those who swallow the poison will usually be too much intoxicated to recur to the antidote.

'I do not affirm,' says the Barrister,' of these evangelical preachers, that they *never*, in any instance, manifest a respect for that *reason* which they condemn as carnal. I do not affirm that its rays *never* pierce through the dense medium of their dulness, or never skirt, for a moment, the clouds of error in which they envelop themselves. But, when a ray of truth does break forth, as sometimes it does, it is like OSSIAN'S sun-beam in the *Isle of Mist*, and its radiance is soon obscured in the gloom that gathers over it.

'In the revolution which the ANTI-MORALISTS are meditating in the Christian world, they manifest the utmost hostility to whatever bears the stamp of intellect. Whenever great changes have been to be brought about by means of the multitude, the cunning of enthusiasts never fails to suggest the same policy. Impostors of every class, religious as well as political, cry down the exercise of *reason*, for they have no chance of escaping exposure but by bringing men of penetration and inquiry into disrepute. It is well known that the sanguinary tyrant ROBESPIERRE, in his 'Journal,' called *the learned* 'the most dangerous set of men in the republic;'—and so they were, because he dreaded the ordeal which his opinions and measures were made to undergo. *Their* comment was not suited to *his* text.

'We are told, by our new spiritual teachers, that *reason* is not to be applied in the inquiry into the truth or falsehood of their doctrines; they are spiritually discerned, and *carnal reason* has no concern with them.—What insufferable jargon. As well might a man tell me I am not to use my eyes to distinguish between the counterfeit and current coin. Away with such absurdity;—there is fraud and deception upon the face of it. Can we have faith in a doctrine

which we have no reason to believe is true? Most certainly not. If then we have reason to believe it true, we must be able to give that reason. To say, therefore, that reason is useless, is to talk like a fool—to say that it ought not to be exercised, is to talk like a knave.'

The barrister next produces various passages from the 'Village Dialogues,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and other favourite authors among the *saints*, to show their grossly immoral tendencies, and 'to prove how inimical the tenets which they inculcate must be to the peace, the virtue, and the happiness of society. We know that virtue is rather the product of habit than of precept; but still precept, particularly when repeatedly inculcated, will not always be barren of effects. It may aid the growth of good or of bad habit, by lending its influence to favour the repetition of the acts of which it is composed. It may be 'the small pebble which stirs the peaceful lake' of life. The theoretical principles of religion, which are so closely embodied in the writings of the *evangelical anti-moralists*, and which they so fervidly inculcate, as far as they exert any practical influence on life, must have a deleterious effect. We might as naturally expect to find figs on thistles as virtue to arise out of the principles of *hereditary depravity* and *vicarious punishment*, as they are taught by the *anti-moralists*. These doctrines cannot be traced to their practical results without being found to be most pernicious. They cannot be made *rules of conduct* without generating vice, and hardening the heart in sin. What are we to think, then, of the wisdom or the virtue of those, who inculcate principles of belief which cannot be followed into the consequences which are fairly deducible from them, without being proved to be subversive of those moral duties which are the pillars of society? If these doctrines are not thus operative in all their votaries, it is not owing to the doctrines themselves, but to the strong counteraction which they find in habit, in example, in public opinion, and in the constitution of humanity itself.

The following animated reflections on the doctrine of the anti-moralists, are well worthy of being recommended to the attention of our readers.

'Whoever encourages men to expect the reward of virtue without the practice of it, lays the axe at the root of all religion. That the Calvinistic Priesthood do this is most manifest. If all the swindlers who live by fraud and depredation on this town of London are to have the *righteousness* of Christ transferred to them, and placed to their account, *as if they had themselves performed it*, what have they to fear? Can men be better tempted to continue in their habit of wickedness by any doctrine that Atheism can frame, or that infidels

can teach? It is a doctrine which every bad man will willingly embrace, because it absolves him hereafter from all personal responsibility; but if a thinking man should adopt it, he must from that time shut up his Bible, or he will infallibly disturb his faith.

'That a *sinner* should be *accounted righteous* is a contradiction in terms. A HOUSEBREAKER can never be accounted an honest man on the score of another person's integrity. An ADULTERER may find some one to stand surety for the damages awarded against him; but protecting him from the penal consequences of his *guilt* can never make him *righteous*. Suppose HOWARD had been content to suffer instead of ABERSHAW, the benevolent actions of that great philanthropist could in no manner be *imputed* to that desperate murderer, *as if he had performed them*. The thing is not possible. He would have been an *acquitted felon*, and nothing more. *He that* DOETH *righteousness is righteous*: thus says the scripture; and none but an ideot or an infidel would dare to give the lie to it, by declaring that he that doeth *unrighteousness* is accounted *righteous*. Will the DRUNKARD, in the day of judgment, be held to have lived *soberly*, or the HIGHWAYMAN to have led a life of *honesty*? When that great day shall arrive, will chastity be *imputed* to the licentious, or piety *transferred* to the profane?—How is it possible that men in their senses can teach such a doctrine? How is it possible they can so shamefully deceive others, or so grossly impose upon themselves?

'Let us refer to the PARABLES of our Saviour. Were industry and diligence *imputed* to the slothful steward that hid his talent in the earth? Were the *foolish* virgins accounted *wise*? or, having neglected to supply their lamps with oil, were they accounted to have kept them burning? JOHN BUNYAN, indeed, tells us that Christ has a *coat more than he wants*, and that with this *he covers the sinner*; but it appears that the man who was found at the marriage-supper, *not having on a wedding-garment*, had no covering of this kind presented to him; but that, on the contrary, he was consigned over to the punishment pronounced against such as had neglected to prepare themselves. Has the Saviour any where promised that his righteousness should be placed to the account of an unrighteous man? Has he led mankind in any manner, by his precepts or his conduct, to infer it? When we read that the *unprofitable* servant was ordered "to be cast into utter darkness," what becomes of the doctrine of *transfer*? Was he by virtue of Christ's righteousness accounted a *profitable* servant? Were vigour and fruitfulness *imputed* to the BARREN fig-tree, or was it withered by a curse?—It was when PAUL reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, that FELIX *trembled*. What consolation would it have afforded to the Roman governor to have learned that the Saviour, having passed his life in doing good, his *righteousness* would be placed to the account of the *wicked*, and on that ground *he would be admitted in the realms of light and glory!*—Such a doctrine as this to a bad man can never come ill-timed; it always meets his conscience at the convenient season. Never will he say to the preacher of it, as FELIX did to the apostle of the Gentiles,' 'go thy way for this time.'"

'To ascend the steep of virtue is a task of great labour and perpetual vigilance; it is much easier to loiter below and believe that another has ascended *in our stead*, and that he will bestow on *our* indolence the reward of *his* perseverance.'

The following observations on the *extempore* preaching, which is practised by the *saints*, are well conceived and forcibly expressed.

'The practice of preaching without the aid of a written sermon carries to the vulgar the appearance of immediate inspiration. But, in fact, nothing is more easy than to harangue an ignorant audience who sit prepared to admire what they cannot comprehend, and to approve what they do not understand. To pour out, as these men do, at random," whatever suggests itself, without considering whither it tends, how it is connected, or to what it may be applied," is no difficult task. The difficulty, in such case, is not so much how to proceed, as when to leave off. They have a certain set of doctrines which furnish the substance of all their discourses. Like barrel-organs, they repeat, perpetually, the same airs. There may be a variation in the key, but the tunes are always the same. In truth, extempore preaching, like extempore playing, is only fit for a finished performer. The unstudied effusions of a man of genius often display more sublimity than the most deliberate efforts of less enlightened minds; but when the ignorant enthusiast begins to *extemporize*, he is only likely to produce, without study, what no one that had studied would ever have produced.'

The barrister is sometimes very happy in answering the cavils of his opponents by illustrations drawn from his professional pursuits.

'Do you really believe,' says Dr. Hawker, addressing the barrister, 'that because man by his apostasy hath lost his power, and ability to obey, God hath lost his right to command? Would you carry this kind of reasoning into common life? Put the case that you were called upon, as a barrister, to recover a debt due from one, you tell your client that his debtor was under no legal or moral obligation to pay what he had no power to do? And would you tell him that the very expectation of his just right was as foolish as it was tyrannical? Really, Sir, I should have thought your profession, as a barrister, would have taught you better.'

Before we exhibit the retort of the lawyer to the divine, we will make a few remarks on the Doctor's first interrogatory. "*Do you really believe that because man by his apostasy hath lost his power and ability to obey, God hath lost his right to command?*"—Whenever the *anti-moralists* have any tenet to defend or any favourite sophism to establish, they usually employ words of the most loose and indefinite sig-

nification; or which may be so turned as to entrap assent before the fallacy is seen. The word *right*, which the Doctor has employed in this passage is of this indeterminate kind, to which the Doctor affixed no clear ideas himself, and did not suppose that any would readily be annexed by his readers. Besides in the full blown vanity of admiration on which the Doctor feasts every sabbath, like an alderman on turtle, he little thought that any individual would contravene his assertion of God's *right* to command under any circumstances, and in a case of incompetence as well as of ability? The reverend divine imagined that his word *right* thus attached to the idea of God, would fully establish one of the absurd doctrines of the *anti-moralists*. The Doctor did not perceive that the word right, which supposes a superior authority from which it is derived, or a power to enforce the observance, can have no reference to God. God can do every thing that his own perfect wisdom and goodness will permit. But perfect wisdom and goodness will not permit him to do any thing which is contrary to wisdom and goodness; for this would render his attributes at variance with themselves. If by God's *right* to do any thing, the Doctor means only his willingness to do what is consonant with his wisdom and goodness, we will say that God cannot, or that, in the Doctor's words, he has no *right* to command what man has no ability to obey. To issue such a command would be contrary to his attributes. It would be contrary to his nature, which is perflectly wise and good. It is therefore an impossibility. Is is a truism, that God can do any thing; but though, it may seem paradoxical, it is not less true, that God can do nothing which is not reasonable.

'I have no doubt,' says the barrister, 'but that the doctor conceived himself to have here put a case completely in point, and quite conclusive in favour of his doctrine. But that man must be a very feeble reasoner that does not instantly perceive the foolishness, as well as the fallacy, of this mode of statement. I will give my reply to these questions distinctly, and without hesitation. 'If *you knew*,' says the Doctor, 'that the debtor *had not the ability* to pay the creditor, would you tell your client that his debtor was under no legal or moral *obligation* to pay what he had *no power to do*?' Most certainly I should. Suppose A to have lent B a thousand pounds, as a capital to commence trade, and that when he purchased his stock to this amount, and lodged it in his warehouse, a fire were to break out in the next dwelling, and, extending itself to *his* warehouse, were to consume the whole of his property, and reduce him to a state of utter ruin. If A, my client, were to ask my opinion as to his right to recover from B, I should tell him that this his right would exist should B ever be in a condition to repay the sum bor-

rowed; and that if, by any unforeseen circumstances, B should *have it in his power*, to repay it, he would be under a *moral obligation* so to do, but that the attempt to recover a thousand pounds from a man thus reduced, by accident, to utter ruin, and who had not a shilling left in the world, would *be as foolish as it was tyrannical.*

'Again, suppose an artist to have borrowed from its possessor an original picture, by RUBENS, for the purpose of taking a copy. Can any doubt exist of his obligation to return it? None surely. But suppose him to have lodged in the first floor of the house above mentioned, and that the fire which consumed the premises, had unfortunately consumed the picture also—Will any one still assert that the artist lies under a *moral obligation* to *return* it? Does not every man's common sense perceive, that, the *power* of returning it being thus taken away, the *obligation* is gone also?—A public teacher of religion, that could produce an instance so absurd to support a doctrine so erroneous, must either wilfully attempt to impose upon others, or he must egregiously impose upon himself.'

When the *evangelical anti-moralists* are hard pushed in argument, and particularly when their adversaries are clergymen of the establishment, they usually skulk behind the rampart of the thirty-nine articles, where they think that they are secure at least from every reverend assailant. From this point of defence they hurl all the thunders of *invidious argument* against their adversaries. We know very well how much the clergy are liable to be embarrassed in their polemical disputes with the *anti-moralists*, by the pains and penalties which they are liable to incur by contradicting the articles. We have therefore often expressed a wish that those articles were either abrogated entirely, or at least divested of the unscriptural matter which they contain. But still *in disputes on scriptural topics*, THE SCRIPTURES ARE THE ONLY LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY, TO WHICH ANY APPEAL CAN BE MADE. When, therefore, the anti-moralists forsake the scriptures to take refuge in the strong hold of the articles, they virtually acknowledge that their cause is weak, when it wants such unnatural support.

The remarks of the barrister on this subject are pertinent and judicious.

'Admit for a moment—what I am very far from admitting in fact—that the pernicious principles thus disseminated in society are legitimately drawn from those articles—still those who, for the sake of distinction, claim for themselves, exclusively, the title of Gospel preachers and evangelical ministers, are bound to confirm them by that Gospel which those evangelists have left upon record. For either the doctrines which they preach are derived from the Gospel, or they are not. If they *are*, then they are capable of proof by that alone, and all reference to the articles, as authority,

becomes superfluous. If they *are not*, then the articles can afford no conclusive evidence of the truth of any doctrine which the Gospel itself is not found to reveal, and all reference to them is therefore precluded.

'The strongest and most leading feature in the *law of evidence* is this that the best evidence the nature of the case will admit must be produced, for if it appear that better evidence might have been brought forward, the very circumstance of its being withheld furnishes suspicion that it would have prejudiced the party in whose power it was, had he produced it. When, therefore, we find these tutors of Calvinistic divinity resort for the support of their creed to the *articles*, we may be sure that the *higher evidence* fails them.'

Some persons have asserted that the Barrister, by addressing his Hints to the legislature, wished to call down legislative vengeance on the professors of those mischievous opinions which he has laboured to refute. We think that the whole tenor of his Hints is sufficient to prove that he cherishes no such wish, and harbours no such design. Truth seems his object, and the moral good of society his end. But truth he knows, is best elicited by free and unlimited discussion; and of moral good, as far as it is affected by opinions, the production must be most favoured, where no restrictions are imposed on the conflict of mind with mind, and where, though truth is combated by error, error must always finally be subverted by truth.

Where any thing like a paternal relation subsists between the government and the people, the vices of the one cannot be an object of indifference to the other. On the contrary, the moral culture of the people will be an object of paramount solicitude to such a government. With a view to this end the state instituted a rich ecclesiastical establishment, the object of which was to keep a body of men constantly employed in teaching the theory and exemplifying the practice of virtue. Whatever may be the inferior purposes to which a religious establishment may be subordinate, this is the principal. Those ecclesiastics, therefore, who do not make moral duty the prime object of their teaching, are guilty of violating the end for which their ministry was ordained. But if the moral good of the community be the object of legislative provision, we think that moral evil cannot, without the grossest inconsistency, be the object of legislative *encouragement*. But to patronize doctrines, which are diametrically hostile to the practice of virtue, and favourable to the commission of every vice, is certainly to encourage individuals to exert their utmost to destroy the moral interest of society. Now the doctrines of the *anti-moralists* are such as have a direct tendency to tear up

virtue by the roots. Ought then the state to favour the multiplication of such men? Ought it to afford them any direct *encouragement?* Ought it to interpose in order to prevent an individual from practising a handicraft trade without serving an apprenticeship of several years, and yet suffer a man to undertake an office on which the peace, the virtue, and the happiness of society, at least in some degree, depend, without being convinced that he possesses a single requisite qualification? Is any man fit to be a teacher of religion who can just read a chapter in the Bible, and has half a crown in his pocket to pay for a licence? Yet the law seems to think that these are all the qualifications which are requisite for a pastor in the Christian fold.—Hence the most illiterate and worthless part of mankind frequently find admission into the company of *evangelical doctors;* and hence it is little wonder that instead of endeavouring to work a wholesome change in the thoughts and habits by a sanative morality, they vend only such tenets as tend to wither the branches, and canker the root of the moral principle in the human breast.

We are well convinced that opinions cannot be destroyed by persecuting the professors. But where opinions are entertained, the influence of which is morally deleterious, we do not think that any state, which regards the real and lasting happiness of its subjects, will *encourage the votaries by privileges and emoluments.*—The venders of obscene books are universally allowed to be fair objects of legal cognizance; but are the retailers of doctrines which tend to obviate every good principle, and to nurture every bad, to be the objects of political remuneration?—Ought we to suffer every illiterate babbler, who is too idle to earn his livelihood by manual exertion, to traverse the country, polluting the minds and hearts of thousands, with his anti-moral quackery?— Are we to grant a man a legal permit to sell arsenic, and call it the balm of life?

When we consider the fatal tendency of the anti-moral doctrine which is preached by the *evangelical fraternity,* we do not think that any poison can be too subtle or malignant to serve as a fit comparison to illustrate its destructive influence. The poison of the anti-moralists defies all parallel. Surely, then, the subject itself, which is so intimately connected with the virtue and happiness of the community, may well be recommended as an object of legislative consideration. And the Barrister has not done this to provoke persecution, but to excite an attention to the evil before it has become too strong to be resisted by any precautions which wisdom and virtue may suggest. It is not the mere error of opinion which it is the object of the Barrister to crush, but it is the moral disorganization of society, by the diffu-

sion of the most destructive anti-moral tenets which it is his wish to prevent.

The evil might certainly be moderated, if not totally prevented by the adoption of some new regulations with respect to licences to preach, and by more attention to the qualifications of the applicants. As far as the moral good of society is an object of political consideration, every government may certainly without any infringement of the rights of private judgment, insist that those who set up for teachers of religion should possess the requisite qualifications. Apothecaries, surgeons, physicians, are obliged to exhibit some satisfactory proof of their capacity to discharge the duties of the profession in which they engage, before they are permitted to practice; but is the curer of souls, the moral physician, alone to be destitute of the requisite ability? Is that profession which to be properly exercised, requires most knowledge, most reflection and research, to be filled by those who possess the smallest intellectual proficiency?

'Where a man,' says the author of the Hints, 'holds a certain system of doctrines, the state is bound to tolerate, though it may not approve, them; but when he demands *a licence to teach* this system to the rest of the community, he demands that which ought not to be granted incautiously, and without grave consideration. This discretionary power is delegated in trust for the common good; and to give permission to all persons, indiscriminately, to spread doctrines destructive in their tendency to the moral interests of the public, is to act in disobedience to the public safety.'

'If an infidel should demand permission from the state to teach every where, that good works were in no wise essential towards procuring salvation hereafter—that no future punishment awaited the wicked, for that the punishment due to sinners was already suffered, and the penalty of their offences paid—that those who committed crimes in this world would be treated as righteous *by imputation* in the next, and that personal righteousness was *filthy rags*—those to whom the care of the commonwealth was entrusted would not, I apprehend, be bound to grant him *a license* to pervert the minds and corrupt the morals of the people, by publicly teaching these destructive theories. This is not *a permit* to be demanded as a matter of course. The state cannot consistently grant it. It has no authorized power, under the constitution, so to do; because it has no power to put in hazard the moral welfare of the community, whose interests are in its hands. In matters of religion, every one has a right to exercise and to enjoy his own private judgment, however weak or erroneous; but the legislature may justly withhold from any one a license to infect the *public judgment* with errors fatal to the *public interest*.

'Errors, resulting from the honest imperfection of his own reason, no man can help. The faculties of his mind may, perhaps,

be come more mature; exercise may extend, and inquiry may enlighten them. Should exercise and inquiry fail to do this, persecution should in no wise be resorted to. Punishment is just as proper a remedy for a diseased limb as for a defective understanding. None but a fool or a tyrant would think of applying it. But, because error ought not to be *punished* by the legislature, it does not follow that it ought to be *patronised*.

'But here it will be asked—since the public must have religious teachers, who shall decide on the truth or falsehood of the doctrines they deliver? This question is too general to admit of a very precise answer, but thus much I think may be said in reply to it. The leading aim of RELIGION, and the avowed purpose for which it was revealed, was most clearly this—to teach mankind their duty to God and to each other; and the great and important object of all its *doctrines* is to furnish the highest and most powerful *motives* to the discharge of that duty. To this end, the resurrection from the dead, and a state of future rewards and punishments—the strongest incitements to human action—were placed as first truths in front of the lesson of REVELATION.—A promise of pardon is held forth to reformed penitents, and this world is represented as being a stage of preparation and a state of trial for another, in which, according as we acquit ourselves well or ill, we shall receive hereafter, from the final judge of all the earth, our recompense of reward or condemnation.—Now these are DOCTRINES that can never be too forcibly nor too frequently pressed upon our attention; and some precaution ought at least to be taken that counter-doctrines are not circulated throughout the whole extent of the kingdom, that virtually deny the existence and actually destroy the efficacy of these first and most important truths.'

One of the safest and most effectual methods of counteracting the moral gangrene which the evangelical hawkers are disseminating over the country, would be to purify the liturgy, and the articles from the polemical matter, which they contain, and to render the sanctuary of the establishment so comprehensive as to include all sects who seek the favour of God by working righteousness, and who are anxious to cultivate the blessed habit of charity and peace.—We hope that the barrister in his fourth part, which we shall be happy to see, will turn his thoughts to this important subject; and will employ his eloquence in recommending a revision of the liturgy, and a purification of the doctrines of the establishment.

ART. V.—*Excerpta ex variis Romanis Poetis qui in Scholis ravius leguntur. Notulis illustrata quas collegit in studiosæ Juventutis Usum Johannes Rogers Pitman, A.B.* Rivington. 1808.

A BOOK of this nature has long been a desideratum in our public schools. The youth there are well acquainted with the three most celebrated authors of the Augustan age: Virgil and Horace, and Ovid's Metamorphoses, bethumbed and dogs-eared, evince the constancy of their reader's affections; while Lucretius, Catullus, Persius, V. Flaccus, and others, are to the generality of the boys, as much unknown as if their poems had been written in Sanscrit.

To what cause should we attribute this strange neglect of the poets to whom we allude? Certainly not to the ignorance or want of taste in preceptors; but merely to this, that the poems of these men, though abounding in beauties, are occasionally disfigured with obscurities, indecencies, and affectation, which render them inadmissible in their entire form. We think therefore that masters of schools are exceedingly obliged to Mr. P. for a selection which will introduce to the notice of their scholars, the graces without the deformities of these neglected poets. We approve highly of the general plan of the work; but we shall beg leave to suggest a few hints, which would, we think, tend to improve a second edition of this useful book.

The first poet from whom extracts are made is Lucretius. This author, though endowed with an imagination and fire superior to Virgil, unfortunately entangled himself in the mazes of the Epicurean philosophy; and, instead of writing an epic, through a perverse love of fame and singularity, as he himself intimates, condescended to decorate the absurdities of Epicurus with all the graces which his fine fancy and most melodious verse could bestow. Who but Lucretius could have rendered a poem on such a theme even tolerable? But he rises superior to the difficulties of his subject, and shakes them from him 'as dewdrops from the lion's mane.'

The selections from Lucretius are judiciously made, but are too scanty. We could easily mention a great variety of passages of equal beauty with those extracted, but shall content ourselves with pointing out a very few, which we would recommend for insertion in a future edition. The first is, when the philosophical poet derides very sensibly that superstition which worshipped the earth as a goddess, and at the same time gives a very entertaining account of its

origin and progress. It is in the second book. It is much too long to be quoted here. It begins,

'Principio tellus habet in se corpora prima.'

and ends,

'Esse deûm matrem, dum re non sit tamen ipsa.'

We also recommend the twenty-nine concluding lines of the same book, not for their philosophy, for that is beneath contempt, but for the excellence of the verse, particularly of the nine last lines, which are no mean instance of that power of pathetic expression which this poet so eminently possessed. We beg leave to present them to the notice of the scholar.

'Jamque caput quassans grandis suspirat arator
Crebrius incassùm magnum cecidisse laborem:
Et cum tempora temporibus præsentia confert
Præteritis, laudat fortunas sæpe parentis:
Et crepat, antiquum genus ut pietate repletum
Perfacilè angustis tolerarit finibus ævum,
Cum minor esset agri multo modus ante viritim:
Nec tenet, omnia paulatim tabescere, et ire
Ad scopulum spatio ætatis defessa vetusto.'

The next are those beautiful verses in which he enumerates the evils of the vices which arise from a servile fear of death. Faber, who was no common critic, for he had taste as well as learning, knows not how to praise them enough. They begin 'Et metus ille foras,' and end at 'naturæ species ratioque. Or the last nine lines might be omitted as they occur in another place. There are also about a hundred lines toward the end of the fourth book in which are forcibly depicted the evil effects of illicit love, and which might with the greatest propriety be snatched from the vile indecency which surrounds them; but this we leave to Mr. P.'s discretion, and shall point out but one more passage which is in an earlier part of the same book. Lucretius is giving an account of dreams: we recommend this portion, not merely for the verse, but because it will give the young scholar a good idea of the method of reasoning which this disciple of Epicurus adopted, unmixed with any of that impiety which so frequently disgraces his poem. Begin at,

'Et quoi quisque fere studio,'

and end,

'Totum prope faucibus occupat amnem.'

The next in order in this volume are the amatory triumvirate, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus. Of the first and last of these, it is not easy to speak with too high praise: but of Propertius we think very differently, and we shall state our reasons for it presently. Catullus was one of those unfortunate men of genius, who though enabled by nature to think and to express his thoughts with the most refined delicacy, could stoop to pollute his page with impurities of which the meanest and basest understanding would be ashamed. But happily there are still extant several poems of the most exquisite and unmixed beauty, and some of these Mr. P. has very properly selected, but we must beg leave to draw his attention to a few others which we think ought not to have been omitted. These are the 11th Ode, omitting the last stanza but one, the 38d, the 44th, the nuptial hymn, (60th) part of that beautiful elegiac epistle to Manlius, (66th,) part of the lamentation of Atys, and perhaps the 74th and 106th poems. And beside, those odes or rather epigrams in which Catullus manifests a power of satire superior both in strength and point to any Roman satirist, viz. the 20th, 21st, 37th, and 50th, omitting here and there a few indelicate lines which we shall not insult Mr. P.'s understanding by pointing out. We regret that so little has been extracted from the simple and elegant Tibullus. Mr. P. will excuse us for suggesting a small addition to the number. These are the 4th, and 7th, of the 2d book, of the 3d, 4th, and 18th elegies of the 4th. We will not waste time in enumerating the particular beauties of each of these poems, but we entreat Mr. P. to re-peruse them, and we have no doubt that he will subscribe to our opinion that they ought to accompany their brethren in his next edition. We come now to Propertius; and we really felt no little astonishment not unmixed with disgust to see so many poems of this noble versifier staring us in the face. We are convinced, that in making so ample a selection from this poet, Mr. P. did not act from the suggestions of his own judgment, but in deference to those commentators who in their gratitude have heaped praises on a poet whose perpetual and obscure allusions have afforded them such frequent opportunities of displaying their own learning to advantage. After impartially reading his elegies, we should be strangely puzzled to point out one passage of superior merit. We know not what excellencies he possesses; but we well know those which he has not; and these are, nature, ease, tenderness, simplicity, conciseness of expression, perspicuous arrangement; to which essential requisites of elegiac poetry, he has no pretension His only excellence is his versificatoin, which is the

excellence of the age in which he lived, and not his own. He is of about equal rank with the Sheffields and Halifaxes of English poetry, and his pedantic songs deserved all the scorn with which the pouting lips and scowling eyes of contemptuous beauty ever poured on a whining and rhyme-scribbling lover.

Persius next comes before us: his obscurities have called down the angry invectives of many a critic. The contemptuous sentence of St. Hieronymus is well known: nor was the mighty Scaliger less severe in his animadversions on this difficult poet: but to their censures we may oppose the approbation of the learned Casaubon, and in more modern times, the admiration of Boileau and Addison, men who if not equally learned certainly possessed taste equal to any of the above mentioned scholars. Mr. P. has given us the fifth satire of this author, which is the longest and is generally accounted the best: but we think the second equally entitled to insertion. For purity of thought it has no equal in the whole range of Roman poetry; and for perspicuity of expression we think it exceeded by no satire of the same poet. The five last lines are really golden. We submit also to Mr. P. whether he might not with the greatest propriety extract thirty or forty lines from the third satire, beginning at the 60th line. 'Est aliquid quo tendis, &c.' The satire is poignant, and the moral excellent; and the diction has very little obscurity. Seneca, who stands next, is a poor inflated writer of the lower order; and his inferiority is more especially manifest, when he measures a lance with the simple and natural Euripides. In the Medea and Hippolytus, though he had that excellent model to direct him, how egregiously has he failed! Medea in Euripides with all her atrocity is a woman, she has occasional fits of remorse; she shews some natural affections; in Seneca she is a mere fiend. Phædra in Euripides, is at first properly struck with horror when reflecting on her criminal love; and has all the trembling shame of a delicate woman, shrinking at the idea of an incestuous passion which she cannot conquer; not so in Seneca. There the lady speaks out and makes love with all the unblushing unreserve of the wife of Potiphar. From such an author some will think that no extracts should have been made; but when we consider that Seneca is the only Roman tragic writer, he becomes valuable as a curiosity, and for this reason alone deserves notice. We approve of Mr. P.'s judgment in his selections from this writer; but we will recommend an addition of two passages from the Octavia. We are aware that Farnaby ascribes this tragedy, which he calls languidam Octaviam, to some

poetaster whobelonged to that school in which 'Declamation roared while passion slept,'or as he forcibly enough expresses it, poetastro cuipiam e declamatorculorum scholâ. Now we think this less applicable to the Octavia than to any of the others, certainly less than to the Medea, Hippolytus and Thebais. And we shall direct Mr. P.'s notice to two passages which he may perhaps esteem worthy to accompany those already inserted. The first is a portion of the third scene of the first act, line 100 down to 137 Octavia there gives a very pathetic enumeration of. her sorrows, and describes with more feeling than Seneca usually infuses into s his characters, the disgust and horror which she feels at her association with the brutal and murderous Nero. The other passage is the latter part of the speech of the Chorus in the same act,and contains a very forcible description of the death of Agrippina, the emperor's mother. From the few extracts which Mr. P. has made from Lucan, we perceive that he is no favourite with the selector. This certainly evinces his good taste. But Lucan, though an injudicious writer, is by no means to be condemned. Considering the age in which he lived, and the very early period at which he died, his poem must excite our warmest admiration. Who does not love the generous youth who, in those corrupted times, could venture to praise the upright and independent Cato? and who does not revere that exalted mind which has dictated precepts of virtue worthy of far riper years? We must call Mr.P.'s attention to one passage far superior,in our opinion,to any which he has selected. It is the episode of the heroic Vallerius, and his little gallant cohort," the strain indeed is of a higher mood."

Begin,

'Tum sic adtonitam, venturaque fata paventem

to

'Sed virtus te sola daret.' Lib. 4. 474 line to 581.

We hope also that Mr.P.will give a few more extracts from the very elegant epic fragment of V. Flaccus,for instance the presentation of the infant Achilles to his father in the first book. Medea's opening affection for Jason,in the sixth, her soliloquy atthe beginning of the eighth, and her mother's lamentation at her flight in the same book. The extracts from Silius Italicus, Statius, Ausonius, and Claudian, are very judiciously made. Perhaps, however, he might have admitted the Genethliaca of Statius. Martial, we think, when stripped of his indecencies,a very proper author for the perusal of youth at school. His Latinity is terse and pure, and he will give them a neat and ingenious way of expressing themselves.

Juvenal we believe an author pretty familiar to boys at most schools, and therefore we think it was not necessary to select any of his satires: but if it is, we would certainly beg Mr. P. to add the 8th and 13th to those already selected.

Mr. P. has illustrated the passages which he has selected, by some very useful notes derived from the best commentators. He has also enriched his volume with some short biographical and critical details. His judgment respecting their merits, is generally correct; and the errors, whether of style or thought, which deform the writings of some of them, are shown with considerable discrimination.

ART. VI.— *Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney, and the surrounding Country, by Isaac Weld, Esq. M.R.I.A.*

NO kind of writing seems at present so gratifying to public taste as pure description of rural scenery. The art of landscape-painting which has lately made such rapid advances towards perfection, and become so fashionable throughout the island, has turned the minds of many to the contemplation of external nature, who formerly lived in utter ignorance of all her beauties. These persons, being shut up in towns and cities, are prevented by situation from frequently gratifying their fondness for the charms of the country, and consequently seize with avidity, every work descriptive of objects whose real presence it is not in their power to enjoy. It thus happens that numberless tours, journals, sketches, observations, and illustrations overspread the land. Of these few can possess any merit, for it is scarcely possible that a man of genius would condescend to write for the false and sickly appetites of people who long after enjoyments of which their souls from previous habit and education have been rendered incapable. The writers of whom we now speak are therefore in general as ignorant as their readers, and are admired in proportion as they are objects of derision and contempt.

We said that no man of genius would write a book of the kind now alluded to, and the reason is this, that the principle on which such books are written is absurd. The exact representation of visible objects can never be created in the mind by the mere power of words. The pencil alone can give the real image of external nature. All written descriptions, therefore, that pretend to give a portrait of the scene, are vague, ineffectual, and false. This observation does not apply to descriptive poetry, which depends altogether upon

different principles. Her object is to awaken in the soul a beautiful image of beauty that *may* exist. She does not paint this mountain, this valley or this lake. She does not speak to the outward eye but to the inmost heart, and her fairy voice transports the soul to some delightful region where all that is fair and lovely in nature is assembled. But this cannot be done in prose—it is the duty and privilege of poetry.

Is there nothing then for the prose writer to describe in external nature? We answer, nothing. Merely to say what our eyes have seen actually existing requires no talents and can bestow no delight. This is all, however, that a man can do, who possesses no poetical genius. The pleasure also which he derives from the contemplation of nature, can, when described, produce no pleasure in another. It is true that the very names of hills, and woods, and torrents delight those whom their realities delight. So far, therefore, writers of this kind may please in spite of themselves—but it is plain that, after all, the reader creates his own enjoyment. Fully to illustrate this doctrine it would be necessary to inquire into the sources of feeling connected with visible objects—and into the established principles of true descriptive poetry. This we intend to do on a future occasion and therefore now turn our attention to Mr. Weld, whose work furnishes a strong argument in support of our theory.

If, instead of the Irish names of places, Scottish ones were introduced, Mr. Weld's descriptions of Killarney would do as well for a Loch Lomond, and another slight variationof the same kind would convert them into equally good pictures of the English lakes. The same book might thus be sold in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh as a different performance, and Mr. Weld's fame widely diffused as the topographer general of the united kingdom.

His reasons for publishing this ponderous tome are not very distinctly stated. He says 'that the scenery of Killarney has hitherto remained very imperfectly known,' and in support of this assertion adds with singular acuteness, 'in every account of Ireland its extraordinary beauty has been dwelt upon, it has been the theme of the poet and has afforded subjects for a great variety of engravings.' He then says that he thought it right to accompany his plates with written descriptions,' because engravings leave the mind ignorant of the component parts of a landscape ;' where this ignorance exists there seems little hope of its being removed by any description of Mr. Weld, but the truth is, that landscape painting is valuable from performing better than poetry that which is here represented beyond its sphere.

We shall indulge our readers with a few specimens of this

work, and inform them at the same time that they may peruse the whole for the moderate sum of two guineas. The author thus decribes the cascade of Turk.

'After heavy rains a vast body of water *descends down* the *precipice which* covers the face of the *rock* with a sheet of *white foam*. The sides of the chasm are thickly planted with *larch trees*, which it might be supposed from the rapidity of their growth had found a soil as congenial to their nature as that of the Alps or Appenines. As yet these trees have not acquired the picturesque attire of age, but when they arrive at maturity, and are bowed down by the storm, their appearance must heighten the enchantment of the scene. The eye of fancy will perhaps imagine that it already beholds their withered arms gray with lichens extended athwart the dark rocks, whilst the parent stem, prostrated in the flood, lies contending with the impetuosity of the current.'

In this extract we find the author mentioning as a characteristic of one waterfall, an appearance that must belong to every other, and he concludes with stating a circumstance which cannot exist till after the lapse of ages.

Our author is so delighted with his success in describing the cascade of Turk, that his mind begins to revel and luxuriate in the wanton liberty of imagination, and at last gives birth to the following most important moral truths.

'The same prospects, it is true, may be more readily commanded by proceeding in a boat along the shore, and occasionally landing, but the pleasure they afford under the different circumstances of a deliberate approach from the water, or of an adventurous ramble through the woods, varies considerably. In the one case the person advances, aware in some measure of what he is to behold in the other the views burst upon him unforseen, and produce an additional pleasure from the unexpectedness of their appearance

'In this, as in other instances where the object is of higher import, the pleasure arising from the attainment of our desire, is often lessened by anticipation during the moments of pursuit.'

At Mucross Abbey Mr. Weld deems it expedient to moralize upon the effects of monastic institutions, and he finally draws these most consistent conclusions from premises that warrant neither.

'These places were the asylums of men who, voluntarily renouncing the seducing pleasures of this world, devoted themselves to the services of religion and charity;' immediately he adds 'the philosophical mind triumphs at the dissolution of these institutions.'

As a descriptive and moral writer Mr. Weld certainly cannot claim a very high place. But the numerous engravings

with which this volume is embellished, are eminently beautiful, and reflect honour on the names of Byrne, Middiman, Landseer, &c &c.

ART. VII.—*A Grammar of the Greek Tongue, on a new Plan. By John Jones. Second edition.* 12mo. *pp.* 335. Longman. 1808.

THE art of grammar, says a critic of singular sagacity and erudition, has been rather impeded than advanced by the labours of grammarians. This has been particularly the case with the Greek language, in most of the grammars of which the attention is distracted with a multiplicity of rules which are themselves involved in a labyrinth of anomalies and distinctions. The grammars, which are most generally in use, were composed by men who had no knowledge of the principles of the human mind, and who could not trace the habits of expression to those habits of thought, which originate in the intellectual constitution of man. The grammars, indeed, of all languages, must draw their rules from the general practice; and in languages which are no longer spoken, that practice can be ascertained only from written documents.

Though languages when they come to be examined seem, like some great and orderly structure, to have been formed according to a regular method, yet they have originally arisen rather out of fortuitous and occasional contrivance, than uniform and premeditated plan. Fortuitous use has by constant repetition, been indurated into habit. But though language is not originally formed according to any preconceived plan, or established rules, yet its structure and its combinations are, though imperceptibly, influenced by certain principles which exist in the human mind. Hence, though languages are formed without rule, they are found, when formed, to be susceptible of rules. Grammatical rules are conclusions drawn from the general practice of any language, but this practice is itself agreeable to an invisible rule, or to some established order of ideas in the human mind. If forms and modifications of language depend on custom, yet custom is influenced by analogy. The philosophy of the human mind will often enable us to explain how the custom originates; and thus, the art of grammar may be illustrated by metaphysical sagacity and research.

'Duplex omnino,' says a most acute philologist and grammarian, 'grammatici officium est, alterum, ut, quæ necessariæ sint cujuscumque

linguæ, et ab ipsâ natura constitutæ partes, bene intelligat, alterum, ut quâ ratione ea, quam explicandam sibi sumpsit, lingua istis partibus usa sit, easque conformarit, probe habeat perspectum. In utrâque re a plerisque videmus vehementer erratum esse, quum nunc ea, quæ in linguarum explicatione ad philosophiam pertinent, non satis callerent, nunc ea, quæ experientia cruturnoque usu colligenda sunt, parum cognovissent, nunc denique simul in utroque genere male essent versati. Quorum errores sine immodestia ab nobis reprehendi arbitramur, siquidem eorum partim illis temporibus vixerunt, quibus hoc philosophiæ lumen, quo nunc utimur, nondum erat literis admotum, partim autem levitate atque inertiâ suâ justam reprehensionem meriti sunt. Nam ut parcendum debilitati sit, adversus segnitiem et levitatem male fueris clemens, quæ non naturæ sunt, sed animi vitia. Ac pleræque res multo minus sunt, quam putantur difficiles, si quis ad eas patefaciendas strenue accedat, neque aut deterreri se specie difficultatis patiatur, aut mirum quantam se egisse censeat, si aliquid lucis hic illic attulerit. Nam ii demum litteris vere prosunt, qui non ante desistunt, quam penitus unamquamque rem exhausisse se intelligant.' Herman de emendand. rat. Gr. Gram.

We believe that those, who peruse this grammar of Mr. Jones, will be convinced that he possesses in a eminent degree those qualifications which are deemed essential to a good grammarian in the above passage; and that he is well acquainted with the principles of general grammar, and with the particular genius and idiom of that language, on which he has thrown much light in the present performance. Indeed this grammar of Mr. Jones is evidently the product of a mind of vigorous and highly cultivated powers. It proves him to unite the profound research of an etymologist, with the discriminating taste of a critic, and the enlarged views of a philosopher. We shall now let Mr. Jones himself explain the plan which he endeavoured to execute in the composition of this grammar, as well as its distinguishing peculiarities.

'The principles which distinguish this grammar, are such as were suggested by a study of the oriental tongues, especially of the Hebrew. The latter language is known by all competent judges to be the mother of the Greek. It cannot, therefore, be deemed surprising, that the origin of those qualities which characterise the child, can be found only in the constitution of the parent. Proceeding on this ground, the writer, conformably to the system of the great grammarian of our age, has traced the definitives, the prepositions, and many of the particles, to Hebrew nouns or verbs: and from those roots has deduced a primary signification, into which are resolvable all their figurative or secondary senses, however numerous and complicated.

'By considering the Greek terms, as existing in their primitives,

and before they were modified by Greek terminations, the author has, moreover, been able to ascertain the exact meaning *of the cases:* and the application of their meaning, thus ascertained, to the Syntax of the language, forms another peculiar feature in the character of this Grammar.

'The Hebrew tongue, on account of its high antiquity, holds forth to the philosophical inquirer into the origin of language, the several steps which the human mind adopted in the formation of speech. Among these steps the following is worthy of notice. Words, denoting active qualities, *i.e.* those ideas which the mind acquires by reflecting on its own operations in given circumstances; are no other than the names of the *subject* and *agent* in the same circumstances, combined into one term; in other words, *verbs* are the names of sensible objects, with the personal pronouns annexed to them.

'This principle, suggested by the Hebrew, is applied to the Greek: and hence all the variety of terminations belonging to the Greek verb, which, by their vast number, load the memory, and retard the efforts of the learner, are reduced to six pronouns. The same principle has enabled the author to resolve the two classes of verbs, in ω and in μι, into one common form; to account for the origin of the active, passive, and middle voices, and to assign to the two last the cause of their peculiar signification.

'This principle, eminently useful in a grammatical light, is yet more so in another point of view. Terms, denoting active or abstract qualities, as having no prototype corresponding to them in nature, a reference to which might serve to define and perpetuate their signification, are liable to endless fluctuations and misconceptions. But this is not the case with the names of sensible objects. These, continuing much the same in all ages and countries, convey, when impressed on the organs of sense, accurate ideas of themselves; and thus in general render the meaning of their terms correct and invariable, though transfused from one language to another. In order then to fix the primary sense of a verb, it is only necessary to have recourse to the noun whence it is derived: and what cannot be established by this mean, is likely to be effected by recurring to the primitive term, as existing in one of the Oriental dialects.'

The syntax in most Greek grammars consists of a confused heap of observations, in which we in vain look for any thing like clear method or philosophical arrangement.—The observations themselves seem to have been taken from the common-place work of the writers, without any regard to certain general principles to which the varieties of construction might be referred, or from which they might be deduced. Herman in his book "de emendandâ ratione Græcæ grammaticæ," p. xiii. says,—

'Hujuscemodi observationes quibus nunc fere constat Græca syn-

taxis, aptiores lexicis, quam doctrinæ grammaticæ sunt. Nam quæ vere syntaxis dici mereatur, ea in quosdam locos describenda est, ut tanquam e fontibus suis singula constructionum genera repeti possint. Quamquam in hoc quoque genere magna cautio adhibenda erit, ne usus diversarum ætatum gentiumque immo etiam diversorum scriptorum, unius gentis ætatisque confundatur.'

We think that that part of Mr. Jones's grammar which is confined to the syntax, is very happily laboured. It is not encumbered with rules; but the rules which are given, are clearly expressed and copiously exemplified.—The author indeed has not delineated the varieties of construction which were prevalent in different ages and nations, or in different periods in the same.

In chap. vii. on the *voices, moods,* and *tenses,* we meet with many acute and ingenious observations. We will select one of these.

'The *first aorist,* if its signification corresponded with the name, should denote *time unlimited,* i. e. express those propositions which, being universally true, know not the distinctions of time. And it is sometimes employed to convey this sense. *This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased,* εν ᾧ ηυδοκησα, not meaning I am well pleased *now,* in opposition to the past or the future, but in whom I am *at all times* well pleased. Longinus thus beautifully describes the effect of the sublime in composition; but the sublime seasonably introduced, like a whirlwind, scatters all things, and exhibits in one view the collective power of the speaker.' Υψος δε που καιριως εξενεχθεν τα τε πραγματα δικην σκηπτου, διεφορησεν και την του ρητορος ενθυς αθροαν ενδειξατο δυναμιν, Sect. 1. —διεφορησεν—ενδειξατο put in the first aorist not, as Pearce erroneously supposes, to express the *instantaneousness* or *force* of the sublime, but to shew that this is its effect *universally,* in all times and in all circumstances. Toupe, following Grævius and Casaubon, renders them, *solet disjicere et patefacere,* which, though nearer to the truth, feebly conveys the power of the tense.'

In chap. viii. Mr. Jones explains the syntax of prepositions.—In this part of his work, he displays no ordinary portion of etymological penetration.—We will adduce one or two instances.

1. Υπο (from the Hebrew תחת, ab, *a stem* or *root;* and as the root is underneath the tree or plant springing from it, the primary sense of ὑπο is) UNDER. Υπο governs the genitive, the dative, and the accusative; ὑπο ασπιδος, *under a shield;* ὑπο μητρι, *under a mother;* ὑπο νομον, *under a law.*

Farther, the root of a tree is the cause or instrument of its growth: hence ὑπο with a noun after it in the genitive or dative case, expresses the *cause, agent,* or *instrument,* of the action specified in

the same clause: *And they were baptised in the Jordan by him, ὑπ' αυτου, he being the cause of their baptism.* Υπο τη ποιησει επηνειτο, *He was praised by means of his poetry—he was praised, the cause of his praise was his poetry.*

'Finally, as a root shoots upwards so as to appear above the ground, ὑπο is sometimes to be rendered *from under;* and is applied to things which are disengaged from others under which, as it were, they lay. Thus, ὑπο ζυγου ελυσεν ἱππους, *he loosened the horses from under the yoke.*'

Mr. Jones derives

'Επι (from the Hebrew עַל, epi, *a branch.* And as a branch grows upon the stem, it hence signifies) UPON. Επι governs the genitive, the dative, and the accusative.

'*Jesus came from Galilee to John upon the Jordan,* επι του Ιορδανου, meaning, *upon the banks of the Jordan.* It has sometimes the genitive or dative when connected with a verb of motion; because the Greeks considered the place to which a person tended, not merely as the object of his attention, but as a motive in his mind, and giving birth to his motion. Επι της χωρης βαδιζειν, *to walk upon (towards) the country.* Επι ναυσιν ελαυνειν, *to drive the horses upon (towards) the ships.*

'The noun following επι always expresses the thing which is under, and supports that which precedes it, as the stem of a tree is under and supports the branches. Hence επι, in a metaphorical sense, expresses the relation of one consequence or effect to another, which is its cause, and, as it were, the basis supporting it. Thus, οἱ επι εξουσιας, *those upon power,* i.e. *those men in power.* Αφιεμεν σε επι τουτῳ, *we dismiss thee upon this condition—this condition is the ground upon which we dismiss thee.* Ουκ αλλῳγε μαχισοὑμεσθα ετ αεθλῳ, *we will not contend upon any other prize— we will not contend, any other prize being the ground of our contention.* Εφ' ἡμιν ὑπαρχει, *it is upon us,* i.e. *it is in our power.*

'He, who is upon his adversary, is *against* him; Επι Τρωεσσι μαχισθαι, *to fight upon the Trojans,* i.e. *so to fight as to beat them down and trample them under feet.* Επειρατο τους Αθηναιους της επ' αυτον οργης απολυειν, *he attempted to relieve the Athenians of their anger upon him,* i.e. *soften the anger of the Athenians against him.*'

Mr. J. deduces the various significations of Περι from the Arabic פרץ, pera, *eminence or summit;* of Αμφ, from the Arabic אנס, ampho, *the forepart, the face, the part turned to another,* and hence denoting *respecting, about, concerning.*

But that part of this grammar which the author appears to have laboured with the greatest success is ch. ix. on the *origin of verbs.* Here Mr. Jones may fairly contend for the palm of learning, of penetration, and research with any of his predecessors. We should do an injustice to Mr. Jones

and a dis service to our readers if we did not extract liberally from this chapter of his instructive performance.

'First, verbs were originally the names of things, and received their character as verbs from association. Secondly, every verb consists of a pronoun, expressing an agent, and of a noun, or the substitute of a noun, expressing an object. Thirdly, the terminations, ω, εις, ει, ετον, ομεν, ετο, ουσι, or, εμι, ες, εσι, ετον, εμεν, ετε, ασι, were originally the personal pronouns, and from these, with the changes which they underwent, have proceeded all the variations of person, mood, tense, number, and voice. From the rise and progress of the Greek verb in these respects, may be explained many peculiarities which cannot otherwise be accounted for. The first person ω is, as has already been observed, a fragment of εγω. By the same analogy that εγω becomes εμι, verbs in ω are changed into μι; as σαω, ισαμι. The first person optative, even in verbs in ω, conforms to the same analogy—τυπτοιμι, which originated in τυπτιμι, though obsolete. From this source the Latins have borrowed the final m—amabam. The second person in Hebrew is תא *tha*, a fragment of אתה *ate thou*. Hence the Ionians formed this person in θα—οισθα, *thou knowest*, ησθα, *thou wast*. The above fragment consisting of the consonant *th* or *t* only, was corrupted into *s*. Hence, the second person in every tense of the active voice terminates in *s*, with ε or α short preceding—τιθε-ις. The subjunctives ν ν form no part of the original pronouns, but were inserted, as is often the case, to lengthen the preceding vowel, as τυπτεις for τυπτες. The third pronoun in Hebrew is הוא *hoe*, which in English is the parent of *he*, and in Greek of *i*. This, with the subjunctive *ν*, forms the third person—τυπτει. To the original *ε* the Ionians added σι. Thus in verbs in μι, τιθεισι, or τιθησι, for τιθη; and in the subjunctive of verbs in ω, we have ελθησι for ελθη. In Arabic, the ordinal of *two* is *tan*. Hence the Greek dual τον or την—τυπτετον, *they two beat*. The personal terminations in the plural are all formed from the singular. Thus εμι, by the analogy of the third declension is εμες, and in this form it was used by the Doric, the most ancient dialect of Greece—τυπτομες, στυφαμες, *we beat*. In the common tongue, the final *s* became corrupted into ν. The second plural is the same in its origin with that of the singular ת תא or τι—τυπτετε, and the third plural is the same with the third singular, differently contracted, τιθεισι, τιθησι, τιθεισι. The third of verbs in ω is formed from the third of those in μι, with the subjunctive ν annexed—τυπτεισι, τυπτευσι, which is the Æolic form, and hence, in the common tongue, τυπτουσι. The vowel ε, not only in single instances, but whole classes of words, is converted into ο. Thus in the formation of nouns from verbs, τεμνω, *to cut*, τομη, *section*; in forming the perfect middle, πειθω, πεποιθα, and sometimes the perfect active, βρεχω, βεβροχα; in forming circumflex, from other verbs, τρεμω, τρομεω; τειχω, τοιχεω; by corruption in single words, οδοντες, εδοντες, *dentes*, γενυ, *genu*. On the same principle, the Æolic εισι became ουσι in the third plural of the common tongue. The model of the imperfect in verbs in μι is,

ν, ες, ε, ετον, ετην, εμεν, ετε, εσαν. This, by changing ε into ο, in some of the persons gave birth to that of verbs in ω in the same tense, ον, ες, ε, ετον, ετην, ομεν, ετε, οσαν. The first person in Hebrew is אני *eni*, I, and the third plural is Persian אישן *aesan, they.* The more ancient form was εσαν, or ησαν, and not ον. Hence we read πληθοσαν, but in the common tongue οσαν is contracted into ον—ετυπτοσαν, ετυπτον.'

'The passive voice is formed by combining the subject of discourse with a personal pronoun in the oblique case: thus οικοσμαι, *house for me*, which do not, as before, coalesce as a subject with an agent; but as a subject with the person to whom it belongs, and for whom it is intended. Hence their combination came to convey the idea, *I am housed* or *built*: for the auxiliary *am* serves only, to assert that *built* or *housed* belongs to the pronoun preceding it, and to cement their union in the mind as subject and predicate. In the same manner, if σοι, τοι be annexed to the word, οἰκος, we have οικος σοι, οικος τοι, *house for thee, house for him.* And these contractions, by slight changes, became οικιζομαι, οικιζεσαι, οικιζεται, *I am built, thou art built, he is built.*'

'In the infancy of language, while words were yet scanty, the most natural way, whereby a writer or speaker might give an additional force to his discourse, was to *repeat* such terms as he wished to render *emphatic.* The more ancient any language is, the more numerous appear the traces of such repetitions; and next to the Hebrew, they form a remarkable feature in the Greek tongue. Thus μαω μαω *I desire desire*, blended into one word, become μαιμαω, and mean *I greatly desire.* βαω βαω, *I walk walk*, βιβαω, *I stride*; βαμβαινω, *I speak fast, stammer*, i. e. *cease to speak from speaking fast*; παμφαινω, *I shine brightly*, from φαινω φαινω; πιφσκω, (by contraction πιφω,) *I kill completely*, from φσκω; τηταω, *I much injure*, from ταω ταω; λιλαιω, *I greatly wish*, from λαιω λαιω; εγρηγορεω, *I am vigilant*, from εγειρω εγειρω, *I stir stir.* From this account it follows: 1. That the *augment* is only the remains of a verb *doubled*, in order to augment the sense. 2. This augment takes place in the *present tense*, as well as in the imperfect, as ταινω, τιταινω; κληγω, κεκληγω; θημι, τιθημι. 3. That the augment of the imperfect, and of the aorists, is but a corruption still more remote, of the reduplication; and that the dialect, which prefixes a consonant to the vowel, like the perfect, such as πεπληγοντο, for επληγοντο, is the more ancient usage, and comes nearer to the primitive simplicity of the language. 4. The augment is applied to the first and second futures; and the effect of it is to increase the signification of the verb; τυψω, τετυψω, κεκραξομαι, *I will loudly* or *soon cry*; κεκαμω, *I shall be greatly fatigued.* 5. The form called by grammarians *paulo-post-futurum*, is not a distinct tense, but the first future middle augmented; τισομαι, τετισομαι, τυψομαι, τετυψομαι. 6. The augment of the Perfect comes nearer to the original reduplication than that of any other tense, which is preserved still more distinctly in the augment of verbs beginning with vowels—αλ-αλα, οπ-οπα, and the like. By the analogy which obtained among the Ionians, of

changing ν with its concomitant vowel into α, the imperfect form τετυπον or τετυφον, probably came the perfect τετυπα, τετυφα. The third person plural would then be τετυφασαν. Hence the Bœotians used τετυφαν. The Dorians write τετυφαντι, which in the common tongue is softened into τετυφασι. The simple and natural way of forming the perfect, was to give it the characteristic of the present, to which it has the closest affinity in sense, τυπω, τετυπα ; λεγω, λελογα. But from the facility with which letters of the same organs are changed for one another, τετυπα became τετυφα, and λελογα, λελεχα. Hence τετυπα and λελογα, which are improperly called the perfect middle, seem the original perfect, and what is called the perfect active, became so by corruption. And as there is no foundation for the difference in fact, there is none in signification. When, from whatever cause, κ was adopted as the characteristic of the perfect, it prevailed in verbs, which still retained the characteristic of the present —πειθω, πεποιθα, πεπικα. The distinction, therefore, of perfect middle and perfect active, is a fiction of grammarians, founded on the interchange of similar consonants, or the blind impulse of analogy.'

These specimens will prove that Mr. Jones possesses no common share of Grecian literature and of philological talent; and that his Grammar is well calculated to supply what was much wanting, an easy, perspicuous, and rational introduction to the knowledge of the most copious and polished language that ever existed in any period of the world.

ART. VIII.—*John de Lancaster. A Novel. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. In* 3 *vols.* 12*mo.* 1*l.* 1*s.* Lackington. 1809.

WHEN the Nestor of modern literature, who has already outlived three generations of poets and philosophers, the friend and companion of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, whose recollection can convey him back almost to the days of Pope and Addison, enters the field again with forces unimpaired, and condescends to wield his pen for the entertainment and instruction of another rising age, criticism is disarmed, and even envy "smooths her wrinkled front." We, who have been apt to value ourselves on the fullness of our wigs, and mature respectability of our deportment, shrink, by his side, into mere sixth-form monitors, and feel ourselves possessed of just as much authority to call him before the bar of our *shool-boy* tribunal, as, at the age of sixteen, we had to inquire into the conduct of our parents or guardians.

Still less do we think it our duty strictly to analyze the sources of the very high pleasure which we have derived from Mr. Cumberland's present gift, because it must be extremely difficult, and if it were less so might be ungracious, to ascertain how much of that pleasure legitimately belongs to the book itself, and how much arises from our veneration for the author. With regard to the most prominent feature of the composition, for instance, it is not at all easy to say how far we are interested by it in the conduct of the story, and how far from the insight which it affords into the character of him whom Goldsmith so happily delineated,

> 'The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
> The flattering painter, who made it his care
> To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are;
> Whose gallants are all faultless, whose women divine,'
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Whose fools have their follies so lost, in a croud
> Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
> ——————Who, vainly directing his view
> To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
> Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
> Grew lazy at last, and drew from himself.'

The tale now before us has nothing to do with John of Gaunt, any more than with the brother of Henry the fifth; though for an account of one or other of those illustrious personages, we had so fully made up our minds from the title-page that we were quite startled at opening with the following sentence.

'On the 1st of March, 1751, Robert de Lancaster, a native of North-Wales, and grandfather of my hero, had assembled his friends and neighbours to celebrate, according to custom, the anniversary of their tutelary saint.

The book thus commencing with, we will not say a disappointment, but a surprize, continues, throughout, to deceive and baffle the expectations of the reader. Big, to all appearance, with the usual incidents of romance, with extraordinary changes of fortune, and the consequent alternations of the human passions, the promise of a wonderful birth constantly dies away at the moment of parturition. It seems as if the amiable writer having been seduced by the usual practice of novelists to carry his hero to the verge of adversity and affliction, suddenly felt his sensibilities roused in favour of the creature of his imagination, as for a being of flesh and

blood, and finding the helpless innocent completely in his power, could not prevail on himself to exert that power otherwise than for his happiness. Accordingly, not only are all principal characters of the piece endowed with hearts overflowing with the milk of benevolence and affection, but they are also exempted from the common lot of frail mortality, their lives affording a direct contradiction, to the sacred truth, that "man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upwards." As for the bad characters which it was necessary to introduce by way of relief to the good, they even afford additional evidence of the "gentleness of spirit" which dictated the composition of our tale, since they are so *monstrously* bad, so totally unredeemed by any shade of virtue, that we are persuaded no writer, acquainted like Mr. Cumberland with all the intricacies and inconsistencies of the human mind, would have daubed his portraits with one unvarying black, from any other motive than that of repugnance to the pain of discriminating at all where black must be the prevailing colour.

Philip de Lancaster, the son of the old gentleman first introduced to the reader, and father of the hero, is almost the only character of the piece to whom neither of the foregoing remarks applies. He is placed (like Mahomet's tomb) half way between virtue and vice, precisely in that point of the mortal atmosphere, if any such there be, which is totally void of either. This personage is, indeed, as far as we can recollect, entirely original: and would, on that account be entitled to confer considerable praise on the painter, were it not for a suspicion that it belongs more to the class of caricature than that of faithful portraiture.

But the view in which this work will be regarded with most interest, and in which it is probable the author meant it should be so regarded, is as the sketch of a state of society and manners, venerable for its primæval simplicity, and so far removed from our own, that we are apt almost to hesitate in ascribing to it any actual and local existence, and to class it among the pleasing visions of the golden age or the millennium; nevertheless, that this patriarchal condition prevailed, to a certain extent, not a century ago, in the more remote and unfrequented parts of our own country, may be more readily believed, when we reflect on the astonishing strides made by the spirit of commercial intercourse and its attendant luxury, within the compass of that period. Even within the recollection of our fathers, "to travel for amusement," was a piece of extravagance unheard or unthought of, and of which an instance hardly occurred in half a century, when perhaps some whimsical Coryat sprung up to

run hair-breadth risks during half his life for the pleasure of recounting them over his fire-side in the other half. After 'the grand tour,' became part of the regular education of our 'gentlemen,' it was long before any one was bold or original enough to deviate from the direct line of posts between Paris and Naples; and it was much longer before the *Saxon* inhabitants of this island knew half so much about the countries of the Scots and Britons as we now know about Iceland, Nova Zembla, and New Zealand. Subsequent to the year 1770, was published the first 'gentleman's tour' into Wales; and before that period, nothing but the duties of kindred, or the purposes of commerce had ever induced an Englishman to venture his carcase among precipices which we imagined, that none but goats and Welshmen could inhabit. It is certainly, therefore within the compass of probability, and (we believe) of fact, that in the middle of the last century, the gentry of Wales still retained the primæval features of character with which Mr. Cumberland has depicted them, in the family of old Robert de Lancaster and his noble grandson.

After these preliminary remarks, we shall not attempt to *analyze* the story, but shall introduce our readers to some of the festivities of *Kray Castle*, assuring them that if this specimen of ancient hospitality induces them to wish for a more particular introduction to the generous master of the feast and his family, their curiosity will be amply rewarded in the perusal of the work, that is, always provided, that they have hearts capable of sympathizing with the benevolence of Mr. Cumberland's.

'When the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall flew open; a scaffolding containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old de Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus of harps, joining in the popular air—*Of a noble race was Shenkin.* When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on them for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed among them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penrith Abbey, and David Williams of Kray Castle as yet unheard. In these celebrated performers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the opinions of the country were divided between them: though rivals in art, they were brothers in mis-

fortune, for both were bereft of sight—*Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides.*

'After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man, with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast, and habited in a long mantle of thin stuff, bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour. Before he took his seat, he stooped and made a profound obeisance to the company: his daughter in the mean time, modest, timid, and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling, and on the point to faint: her brother stood aghast and helpless: the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the men were rising from their seats, when our hero, whose only monitor was his heart, leapt on the stage, and sprung to her relief; she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company, who cheered him with a loud applause. Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he threw his hand over the strings, and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days: he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, p. 86. edited by Dr. Watts in 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of poetry and music: the date is that of the reign of Stephen, and in the wars of that period sir Owen had very valorously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transactions of his harmony, that he seemed almost to realize those fearful yellings, groanings and thunderings recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the dæmons, the movement which had before been turbulent, irregular, and excursive, became solemn, flowing, and majestic; but when in conclusion sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to a general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations

which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the voice of the communicative angel yet dwelt on his ear.

'At length de Lancaster rose up, and, addressing the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes, which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman sir Owen Ap-Owen might justly boast of. This speech was followed by thundering applause, the exulting minstrel made his voluntary obeisance, and withdrew. Sir Owen in the mean time whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book, and of course he conceived it must all be true.'

We are sorry that our confined limits oblige us to refer our readers to the work itself for David Williams's rival essay, and must now hasten the conclusion of our quotations, which we will end with the venerable de Lancaster's valedictory harangue.

'Gentlemen, who have so highly gratified us with your excellent performances, and you also, who, if time had permitted, would have increased that gratification, masters and professors of that science, which is at once so dignified and so delightful, I offer you on the part of all here present the tribute of our unanimous acknowledgments, and our unqualified approbation and applause. We beg you will be pleased to share our praises among you; we do not presume to apportion them according to your respective merits. And now, my friends, neighbours, and countrymen, who have done me the honour to accept my invitation to this our domestic *eisteddfodd*, you have heard the lay of our minstrel David Williams, and although for brevity's sake he took it up from the deluge only, yet, if you do not already know, you ought now to be informed, that this unconquered soil whereon we dwell, was in times antecedent to that visitation as fully peopled, and arts and sciences were as happily cultivated here as within any spot upon the habitable globe. If, therefore, in the recitation of the lay which I allude to, mention of that early time was omitted to be made, it was not because records are wanting of sufficient authenticity to illuminate the subject, forasmuch as not a few of those who lived before the flood, have spoken for themselves, and their words and works have descended to us through the lapse of ages. Witness those treatises upon natural magic, which Ham the son of Noah, when in the ark with his father, possessed himself of, and having bequeathed to his son Misraim, were afterwards made public to the great edification of the re-peopled world. Nay, gentlemen, let me assure you, there are those who trace the origin of the Chrysopoeia, or art of making gold, even

up to Adam himself, who, in a tract of his own composing (after the fall we will suppose) expounds that curious process.

'I lay this before you, friends and countrymen, knowing that there are few amongst you, who do not trace your pedigrees up to the ante-diluvian ages, and I rest what I have said upon sound authorities that you, being true and ancient Britons, may have wherewithal to defend your derivations from your father Adam, if any there may be obstinate and absurd enough to dispute them.

'I shall now trespass on your time no longer than while I express my hope that you, my gallant countrymen, who have held the tenure of this soil from ages so remote, will persevere to defend it through ages yet to come from all invaders, foreign and domestic.' Vol. ii. p. 59, &c.

ART. IX.—*Strictures on two Critiques in the Edinburgh Review on the Subject of Methodism and Missions, with Remarks on the Influence of Reviews in general on Morals and Happiness. In three Letters to a Friend. By John Styles.* 8vo. Williams *and* Smith. 1803.

THERE is no greater nuisance in the literary world than an ignorant scribbler who is inundated with self-conceit. We leave it to the tender conscience of Mr. Styles to determine whether he do not come under this description? We ask him whether he be not amongst those who are continually lying in wait for some publication of importance, which they no sooner descry than they endeavour to crawl into notice by attacking it in a style of flippant and familiar ribaldry? The Edinburgh Review, some time ago, exhibited a very judicious critique on the subject of methodism and missions; and this brought Mr. Styles upon the stage; who takes upon himself to decide on all subjects in a tone of dogmatism, which nothing but his ignorance can excuse.

Every attempt to expose the craft, the superstition, and the folly of the anti-moral preachers, serves to call forth some hirelings among the p[illegible] crew; 'to *speak a word for God*, as they irreverently term it, while their only concern is to keep up the lucrative farce, by which their followers are deluded.

Praise undeserved, as the poet has truly said, is satire in disguise. How then must the anti moralists feel on finding themselves so thickly besmeared with this kind of unction? We really could not read the following without a feeling of utter disgust; nor, in imitation of *Thornhill*, in the Vicar of Wakefield, could we help more than once exclaimin *'fudge,'*

'Let the government beware how it listen to the calumnies of men whose enmity is excited by *our strict morality, and our harmless independence;* who have no charge to produce against us, but that we are popular; and that we have secured the public voice *by piety and virtue*, rather than by the low arts of venal statesmen and hireling reviewers.'

'*Our strict morality!*' '*Our piety and virtue!*' 'You talk of pride—oh that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh that you could.'* Gross flattery is a poor support to any cause. It is really a misfortune to any body of men to have such a panegyrist as Mr. Styles. His officious zeal can serve only to bring them more strongly into suspicion and disrepute. His habits of society appear to have been such as to make him familiar with all the colloquial coarseness of vulgar life. As an author, Mr. Styles will probably claim a place of distinction among those who, when they sit down to write, spread a sufficient number of books before them, select a few thoughts from one, take a sentiment from another, purloin a little imagery from a third, and then embodying the different plagiarisms into one common mass, contrive at length to produce a work which they vaunt as an original composition.

'In perusing the critique on which I have animadverted, I have been not a little amused with the palpable contradictions and absurdities with which it abounds, while I have beheld with pity the arts of misrepresentation, and the boldness of unblushing falsehood. And I am sorry that I cannot compliment the Reviewer on the score of literary talent. As if the awful spirit of Christianity had smote him with fatuity, he drivels and creeps with the meanness of a Grub-street pamphleteer: and I am not afraid to refer to the tribunal of legitimate and liberal criticism, for the confirmation of this censure. The Edinburgh Review presents not in any of its pages articles so much below the dignity of good writing, as the critiques on the subject of evangelical religion. As if desirous of associating with Scot Waring and Sedgwick, the Reviewer descends from his eminence, puts off the manners of the gentleman and the scholar; he has all the loose inaccuracy of the Major, and all the insolent temerity of the Barrister. *It is but to admire such men, and we instantly resemble them.*'

Mr. Styles is greatly mistaken in his last position. Resemblance does not follow admiration in this case, so rapidly as he affirms. But the fact is, that he pilfered the

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* Coriolanus.

passage without having understanding sufficient to manage the application Mr. Burke affirms that 'The moral scheme of France furnishes the *only* pattern ever known, *which they, who admire, will instantly resemble.*' If Mr. Styles had comprehended the genuine import of this passage, he would have found that it directly contradicts the ridiculous and unmeaning assertion which he has framed out of it. These petty-larcenies are very numerous, but we have already taken more notice of this pamphlet than it deserves.

ART. X.—*The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland; in three Cantos. By Hector Macneill, Esq. 4to. pp.* 68. Murray.

It is very seldom that it falls to our lot to notice a poem of which it is so very difficult to comprehend the object or tendency, as of the present. *Without* the aid of the prefixed advertisement and the long note to which it refers, the thing would be impossible; and, *with* it, we must confess that we have only a very vague and imperfect idea of the author's intention which the perusal of the poem is not at all calculated to render more clear or satisfactory. It is possible, however, that he *meant* it for "a sealed book to us southern readers:" and, if so, we ought to leave him to that admiration in another quarter which, we have no doubt, he is entitled to claim.

Still, from the great labour which he has bestowed in rendering himself obscure, we cannot help entertaining a suspicion that he wished to make himself understood; and as some of our readers may be blessed with a readier apprehension than ourselves, it would be unjust to refuse them the opportunity of making out, if they can, what we have failed to understand.

'*Advertisement.*

'Fanciful as poetical productions generally are, we naturally look for something more than mere imaginary painting when the subject turns on national manners or events. It may therefore be necessary, *thus early*, to intimate to the critical reader, that if he expects to find the following poem founded on some *historical* fact, or traditionary (traditional) testimony, he will be disappointed.'

It is very kind of Mr. M'N. to prepare us against the disappointment of an expectation which we, *certainly* could not have formed. He then goes on to warn us from attributing to

his own 'negligence or stupidity,' a *defect* which is owing to 'those who have most unaccountably deprived him of these valuable sources of information.' Here we were prepared for an invective against some keeper of archives or records, who had churlishly refused to let Mr. Macneill examine the stores committed to his charge. But no—we are to blame,' the early annalists and succeeding historians,' who *erroneously* fancied that their business was more to detail the public events of the time than to gratify Mr. Macneill's taste for the pastoral by peeping into a low-land cottage, taking an account of the shepherd's flock, or setting to paper the witty things spoken on a winter's evening round the blazing ingle. It is however for the want of such valuable information as this, that Mr. Macneill has found himself compelled to build on the unstable foundation of conjecture.

He then proceeds to tell us that, *not* the *scope* 'of the following production,' nor its *tendency*, nor its *object*, but its '*scope, tendency, and object*' are 'to describe the united influence of the sister arts (of poetry and music) in harmonizing the passions, regulating the affections, and suppressing the turbulence of an uncivilized and barbarous people;' and that he means by music and poetry, the simple melodies and unpolished songs of his country, from the invariable effects of which he was '*naturally* led to think that the progressive improvement of *manners* and *sentiments* in that once sanguinary quarter, must have been considerably indebted to their united influence; and although nothing has been transmitted to establish the fact, or to authorize the conjecture, he is likewise disposed to think, from a variety of circumstances inseparably connected with the compositions themselves, that a number of the most popular of our southern songs and melodies were produced in consequence of a material change in the condition *or* situation of the inhabitants.' This conjecture (besides its *extraordinary boldness,*)standing, as Mr. Macneill says, wholly unsupported by testimony, is expressed with a glorious indistinctness, which (as one source of the sublime) we really envy. He is 'disposed to think,' in the first place that the alteration of manners in Scotland was the consequence of poetry and music; and in the second, that poetry and music were the consequence of the alteration of manners. Now Mr. Macneill appears to us to have (*quite unconsciously*) stumbled upon a truth, than which none in the whole compass of nature's works can be more self-evident, namely, that the gradual progress of science leads to the cultivation of the arts, and that the cultivation of the arts re-acts upon the minds of the people. But then, what becomes of the *bolaness* of Mr. Macneill's opinion, which he conceives so extraordinary, that 'an explanation and defence of it come

not within the prescribed limits of a short address,' but must be backed by a note of five quarto pages? Besides, Mr. Macneill is mistaken in asserting that his axiom, incontrovertible as it is in itself, stands unsupported by evidence from the very quarter to which he disdains to look for it. *History* will inform him (if he chuses to be informed by history) that when the unfortunate Mary came over from France, adorned with all the accomplishments of the age, before unknown to her savage countrymen, she introduced with her the *Italian music* into Scotland. There, aided by the gradual improvement of manners, which it, no doubt, contributed to soften in its turn, it soon took root, flourished, and grew wild; and ever since it has retained strong and indisputable marks of its original. The Scottish melody, widely different from our own, or from that of any other nation in Europe, bears (in the opinion of the best judges) a striking affinity to the Italian, even in its present state of excessive polish and refinement, and may probably be traced to its source by peculiar marks of resemblance, with as much certainty as the naturalist reduces to one generic class the eglantine and the rose of the garden.

The note which Mr. Macneill has thought it necessary to subjoin in *defence* of an opinion which cannot be questioned, contains, nevertheless, several assertions which are wholly indefensible. For instance, nothing can be more false than that the pastoral state does not generally exist in an age of rapine and barbarity. This is directly contrary to the evidence of all history—but we forget that Mr. Macneeill holds history in contempt, and shall not offend his ears by talking about the *pastoral* Scythians, or the shepherd kings of Egypt. We shall only remark that as the pastoral state is the earliest, so also has it equally been considered as the rudest age of mankind; and (unless we go back beyond the death of Abel) we shall find that it never has been exempt from all the varities of human crime and misery. After all, from the conclusion of the note it would seem as if its 'scope, tendency, and object,' had been to declare that in the author's opinion the pastoral songs of Scotland are of later date than her heroic ballads, which to be *generally* true we can admit as readily as that Homer lived before Theocritus, since the progress of the human mind is very uniform in all ages and climates. If the reader has been able, during all this time, to collect a notion of the author's plan we congratulate him; and now proceed to give some account of the poem itself.

It opens thus:

'When shall the woes of war and discord cease!
When shall the morn of Harmony arise!
When shall the dawn of concord, love and peace,
Break through the gloom, and light dark Europe's skies
Vain dream!—or see! to grasp the blood-stain'd prize,
Ambition, maddening, wades through seas of gore,
Lists, careless to the groans and dying sighs
Of myriads overwhelm'd to rise no more,
And none but Britons smile around their parent shore.

'Oh deaf to nature! and to bliss unknown!
How long shall carnage *brutify* mankind?
Whirl'd in tempestuous storms, by pride upblown,
How long shall phantoms fascinate and blind?
Health—comfort—hope; a gay contented mind,
Are all we here can want, or need to crave;
And may not *these* delight, if friendship twined
The bonds of love, life's social sweets to save,
And gild the traveller's path with sunshine to the grave?'

We are frequently inclined to smile at the wishes and expectations of poets. Mr. Macneill without doubt, imagines that nothing can be more *modest* than his desire to have "health, comfort, hope," content, friendship, love, and an easy death, for *his* lot. Yet the request of Theognis, which has always been condemned for its extravagance, is much more within compass.

'Could wealth with sorrow unalloy'd be mine,
Oh might my board with varied plenty shine!
But since just fortune deals to each his share,
Be mine a poorer lot, but free from care.'—

This opening is succeeded by half a dozen more stanzas of general and very common-place reflections, of which the following is the most poetical:

'One sportive summer's day is all that's given
To cheer the transient gleam of insect bliss,
Warm'd by the genial influence of heaven,
They burst to life, and love, and happiness:
Roving on raptured wing, no ills oppress;
Fruition bounds the circuit of their joy;
Shall man alone no kindred charms possess?
Must storm and gloom *his* summer's day destroy,
Nor peace nor social sweets his fleeting hours employ!'

The poet says that in the *older time* all was love, and song, and harmony, and peace,

'While pity struck the chords, and tuned the *Ossianic* lyre.'

But that, afterwards,

——'scared by feud, that generates war and crime,'

the Muses sought umbrage in the courts of border chieftains, and sung of nothing but war; that then

'——— Quick changed the lay;
Servile and mean, arose a mongrel crew;
And, as they sung of spoil and midnight fray,
Waked the discordant tones, untuned, untrue,
Which nature never own'd, nor pity ever knew.'

In a note upon this passage, our sentimental poet falls foul of the whole tribe of border minstrels, their imitators, and admirers, not so much for the ruggedness of their strains as for that of their subject. It is war, war, war, of which this peaceable writer cannot bear the name. But he suddenly perceives that the current of his remarks runs directly counter to the tide of popularity enjoyed(in many respects deservedly) by one of his countrymen, the very flower of this renovated border chivalry: upon which, without recanting any of his dogmas (which, if admitted at all, must fall on Mr. Scott with greater force than upon any other poet living or dead) he directly contradicts them all by saying '*It is almost unnecessary to add*, that the remarks *can* have no reference whatever to *recent* border strains, *revised* and imitated by one, who,' &c. &c. and so, with a fine flourishing unmeaning compliment, concludes his note.

The poet then goes on to inform us, that *Music* was frightened by the "mongrel crew," and ran away to join the Muses in their "shelter'd dell."—This goodly company took up their lodging hard by the cottage of a certain old gentleman, who had been burned out of his family mansion by some plundering borderers.

'And with an infant—saved of all his store!
To *Yarrow's* sylvan banks the blooming treasure bore.'

Not to quarrel with the grammatical construction of these two lines, (which we do not understand,) this infant and his papa live for a whole winter on the milk of a single ewe. As summer comes on they provide for themselves rather better. The boy grows up, and between him and the old man are acted over again precisely the same scenes as between Douglas and Norval, and between Edwin, and the hermit in Beattie's Minstrel. Full of the lessons of his sage preceptor, he wanders late one day immersed in contemplation, when

he hears his neighbours, the Muses, performing their customary evening concert.

'They sung of love, and lovers pains,
Their joys, and soften'd sorrow;
They sung contentment's rural strains
Around the "braes of Yarrow;"
On "Etterick banks" was heard the reed
That piped to pastoral leisure,
And echoing sweet round winding Tweed,
Was heard the varying measure;
And Tiviotdale return'd the sound
With all its groves embowering,
And "Galla water's" green hills crown'd
With whins and wild thyme flowering;
Blithe were the strains by "Cowden knows"
And "Leader's haughs," and river!
But sad! where Jed's stream murm'ring flows,
The blythe notes echoed never!*
For war with blood stain'd Jed's sweet shore
When love oft wail'd her marrow,
And wafted 'mid the tempest's roar
The sound was heard at Yarrow.' P. 10.

After the muses have performed this cento from the Scottish songs, (which, together with the change of measure which accompanies it, is far from being unpleasing to our ears,) they suddenly turn round upon us again with a new change, and with such a set of verses, as any washerwoman in England, with a tolerable taste for poetry, would be ashamed to own.

'But when pleasure's warm sensation
Prompts the mirth-inspiring strain,
Snatch fond youth! the blest occasion
To light transport up again!" &c. &c.

And so they go on, with a few more variations, to the end of the canto.

In the second canto, we soon lose sight of the little boy and his high-born associates, and are entertained, in the first place, with a great deal of whining morality about war, next with something very patriotic about Bannochburn, Flodden, and Maida (which, by the context, it is evident that Mr. Macneill supposes to be situated in Egypt) and then with

* Jed, however, is not the only river of Scotland unknown to the old Scottish minstrelsy. Burns laments that, till his own time, neither Air, nor Devon, had met with a poet to memorize their names.

compliments to the Scottish poets, Thomson, Beattie, Burns, Ramsay, Joanna Baillie, and Home. There are many passages by no means unpoetical in this part of the work; but the verses in general do not rise above mediocrity, and sometimes they sink below it.

The Muses then begin again, and their united efforts at length produce that most perfect model of poetical composition, a pathetic Scottish ballad.

This ballad, which is entitled 'Dornock Ha',' seems to us southern readers a very good imitation. That is, the story is an interesting and pathetic one, conveyed in language sufficiently antiquated, and such as (if it were not consecrated to our imaginations by its antiquity,) we should be apt to call, flat and insipid. A miserable old man, driven for shelter to a peasant's cottage, relates the dismal tale of his younger days; of a loved daughter torn from his arms by the lust and rapine of a neighbouring lord, of his own ineffectual attempts to recover her, and wipe away the disgrace of his house, and of the utter ruin which those attempts afterwards brought on the heads of himself and all his connections. The children of the peasant, who stand listening round him, remind him of his lost daughter.

'The lilly pure that decks the vale
Fresh gilt wi' morning's beams and dew,
The rose that blushing scents the gale,
Wi' Helen match'd would tyne their hue!

'Ah me! e'en now cheer'd in this nook,
Wi' thae sweet young things round my chair,
Methinks I see her artless look;—
Sae *ance* she smiled wha—smiles nae mair!'

The peasant's wife, who has listened with extreme attention through the whole of the story, at the conclusion of it, falls at the feet of the narrator, clasps his knees, and declares herself the daughter of his long lost Helen.

The poet then congratulates his country on the succession of such wild and artless but peaceable strains to the bloody war-songs of the border, and lastly, without any further ceremony, dropping altogether the old hermit and the young stripling, and my lady Music, and 'the sisters nine,' shuts up the book.

Our opinion of its merits as a poem will be sufficiently collected from the preceding observations; but it would be unjust not to allow that it contains some pleasing passages, which, if not sufficiently prominent to atone for the utter want of a reasonable plan, and the general flatness of the execution, may be admitted to prove that Mr. Macneill is not altogether deficient in the grace and feeling of poetry.

ART. IX.—*The Rise and Fall of States and Empires; or the Antiquities of Nations, more particularly of the Celtæ or Gauls; containing a great Variety of historical, chronological and etymological Discoveries, many of them unknown both to the Greeks and Romans. By M. Pezron. To which is prefixed a Sketch of the Life of the Author.* 12mo. Jones, Newgate Street. 1809.

M. PEZRON who died at the commencement of the last century, was in his day a monk of great learning and research. Of this the present work will afford ample proof; though it contains some fanciful matter, and though the predilection of the author for a particular hypothesis, has, as is usual in such cases, led him sometimes to exaggerate the probabilities in its favour, and to overlook the reasons by which it may be opposed. The author deduces the origin of the Celts from Gomer the eldest son of Japhet, who, he says, page 182, 'must be the founder of a people, and who could they be but the Gomarians?' But what proof does history furnish of the existence of such a people. The author thinks that they were established to the north of mount Taurus, that hence they proceeded to the conquest of a large part of Asia and Europe. M. Pezron says, that the Gomarians in very early times possessed themselves of the provinces that lie to the east of the Caspian sea, and that reach from Media to the river Jaxartes, that as their numbers increased, a part of their redundant population was compelled to retire into Media, where they were called Parthians, and the province Parthia, where they fixed their habitations. 'This,' says he,' is the true origin of the Parthians, a name more ancient than the Persians who came from them.' M. Pezron on this and on other occasions refers to the ancient authorities, some of which he seems to force into his service. The author tells us that the Parthians, who were expelled their country gave the name of Sacæ to those by whom they were thus forced into exile.

'And this,' says he, 'merely for petulance, that word signifying a thief, robber and the like.'

What he says next may serve as a specimen of etymological ingenuity.

'We still find the remains of this ancient word in that of Sac or Sacager, which is the same thing as to commit murder. There is reason to believe that from hence came the name we give to the game of chess; which in barbarous Latin is called Scaccorum ludus, and by the ancients Latrun culorum ludus, that is, the game of the Scaccæ or Sacæ, or the thief's game, the

Italians call it scacchi, which they took from the schack of the Goths, who bore sway amongst them a long time. This famous game came therefore originally from those people that dwelt in the north of Asia, and hence it has always been much in vogue among the northern nations, from whom it passed into Parthia and Persia, and in process of time came into Europe.'

The author thinks that his favourite Celts having become very numerous and having extended their conquests over Asia Minor, Thrace, the isle of Crete and all Greece, assumed the name of Titans, or children of the earth.

'They seem,' says he, 'to have erected an empire which reached from the Euphrates to the utmost parts of Spain and Mauritania, and was not much short of that of Rome.'

Before the Celtæ were called Titans, the author says that they had the name of Sacæ, but that their most ancient name while they remained in Upper Asia, was Gomarians, or Gamarites. A large and powerful colony of the Sacæ settled in Cappadocia. The more wild and wandering Sacæ, called Nomades, took possession of the country above the Euxine sea towards the Palus Mæotidis, where the author supposes that they assumed the name of

'Cimbrians or Cimmerians, in Latin Cimbri, which properly signifies warriors, or rather men of war.' 'Being thus settled about the Palus Mæotidis, and having fixed their habitation, they communicated their name to that famous streight, which has since been called the Cimbrian or Cimmerian Bosphorus.'

The Sacæ, who penetrated into Cappadocia, and afterwards made themselves masters of Phrygia were conducted by Acmon, who

'Was the father of Uranus, and upon this ground it is, that he ought to be considered as the first and true stock of those who have passed for the greatest and most ancient gods of the heathen world. Sanchoniathon assures us that he (Uranus) succeeded his father (Acmon) after his decease, and married his own sister ἄγεται πρὸς γάμου τὴν ἀδελφὴν γῆν, *matrimonio sibi conjunxit sororem Terram:* this Phœnician author, the remains of whose works are translated into Greek, had reason enough for his saying he married his own sister, and that she was called Terra; for her true name, which the Grecians have happily preserved for us, was Titea, Τιτὰια, in Latin Titæa. But this word which signifies earth, or earthly, is also taken from the Celtic language: for *tit* among them signified earth.'

The author details, as well as his scanty materials will permit, the actions of Acmon, of Uranus, of Saturn, and of Jupiter. Of Jupiter who, according to his account, was the king of the Titans, and sovereign of the west, he says that the

'true name, and that which he had among the Titans, was Jaou, or rather Jou, i. e. young; for he was indeed the youngest of

Saturn's children. And this is so clear, that the Bretons, who have preserved the Celtic language to our time, which was the same as that of the Titans, when they would express the day of Jupiter, which is Thursday, in Latin *dies Jovis*, they call it *di Jou*, and by way of softening the word *diz Jou*, which is the same thing. All this implies no more than the day of Jou or Jupiter. Hence among the first and most ancient Latins, he was simply called Jovis, not Jupiter as afterwards: and what is still more, the name of Jupiter does not come from *Juvans Pater* as Cicero believes, upon the authority of Varro, who persuaded all the Romans of his time to believe it; for anciently they wrote the word Jaopiter, Joupiter, and Jupater, from which afterwards they made Jupiter, by which the Latins have preserved his right name of Jou, to which they have added that of Pater or father, because he was esteemed to be a god, and that god was the father of men. Thus you see all the mystery unravelled which the most learned of the Romans could not comprehend, viz. why from Jupiter, the nominative, to speak after the manner of the grammarians, they made not Jupitris and Jupitri in the oblique cases instead of Jovis and Jovi. &c. For it is plain from what I have said, that they preserved the first and real name of this supposed divinity in these oblique cases. Moreover the Grecians commonly gave Jupiter the name of Ζεὺς, from which they made Διὸς, Διΐ, Δία, in the other cases, though without reason; for the word Ζεὺς is properly the *deus* of the Latins, and both the one and the other came from the Διὸς of the ancient Ætolians; insomuch that the true name of Jupiter in Greek is Δὶς, though it is not used, from which they have made Διὸς, and the other cases. But this word Δὶς properly signifies bright, or lucid, in Latin lucidus, as the Curetes or Salians call Jupiter; and this name came originally from the Cretans, who call the day and night *di*, as the Celtæ or Bretons do at this day.'

After having heard what the author has to say on the etymological descent of the name *Jupiter*, we cannot forbear to extract what he adds respecting that of Juno, the sister and queen of the Thunderer. The Grecians, says the author assigned to Juno the name of

'Ἥρα which signifies a lady; and this name comes properly from the Phrygian language, whence the Grecians had it as well as the Teutones, or Germans, who still say *herr* or *heer* for *dominus*; and from thence comes the Latin word *herus* and *hera*, as we shall see elsewhere; for it is an error to think, as many of the learned do, that the northern people borrowed so many words of their language from the Greeks and Romans. As for Juno, the name commonly given to this princess, I suppose it came from *guen*, or *guyn*, which signifies white or fair in the Celtic language; and so by Juno, if I am not mistaken, is meant no more than fair and white. That which gives countenance to this opinion is, that we find Juno in the ancient glossaries was called Jolimas, which seems to come from the word *jolie*; and hence perhaps it is that the name Jolant has been

very common in former ages. Now all the names of the princes or princesses that have reigned over the Titans, being taken from the Celtic tongue, it is a manifest proof that they were descended from that famous nation, that afterwards fixed in Gaul.'

We shall produce some of the instances by which the author has attempted to shew the close affinity between the ancient Eolic and the Celtic tongue.

'We read in ancient authors that the Eolians said Μεὶς, mensis, a month, for Μὶν, and they had this from the *mis* of the Celtæ. They said Γοῖνος *vinum*, wine, for Οἶνος, because the Celtæ still use the word *goin* or *guin* for the same, and thence, by the way *baragoin* in that language properly signifies a man that speaks ill, because he does not begin to speak with asking for bread and wine, which are the chief necessaries of life; for the word *goin* signified wine amongst the Gauls; so *bara* did bread; and hence came the Greek word Βορὰ, in Latin cibus, esca, for food in general: the Eolians used Δενος, *collis*, for Βενος, from the *dun* of the Celtæ, which signified a hill or eminence; hence the word *dunes* for sand hills. Δύνος (q ?) was used by the Eolians for Ενος. (q? Ζεῦγος) *iugum*, a yoke, because a yoke is a thing that is carried, and the same comes from the Celtic *douguen*, to carry; the Eolians said Πορκός, instead of Ὗς for a hog, from the Celtic porch; and Πόττος, instead of Πρίαμ, *puteus*, a pit, from the Celtic word *punts*, which signified the same thing.—The Eolians said Βρῦν for *mamma*, a woman's breast, which the Celtics anciently, and still call bron; and when infants want to suck they say *mambron*, being as much in the ancient Latin, as *mamma da mammam*, mother give me the breast; for the *mama* of the ancient Latins came from *mam*, mother, among the Celtæ, and from *mam* came also the *mamma* of the Latins. Again the *tata* of the ancient Latins, as also of the Greeks, signified a father, because the Gaulish word *pap* from which children made *papa*, implied the same thing; the like may be said of *papa* which signifies father in Celtic.—The Eolians were wont to say Κάρρον *carrus*, because *carr* amongst the Gauls was a cart. They said Δρῦς, *quercus*, an oak, for *deru* in Celtic is the same thing, and from thence came the word *Druida*, which is the druid of the Gauls, that properly speaking, signified divining by oaks: the Eolians said Κανναβὶς, *canabis*, and the Celtæ *canub* hemp: Ἄλλος they used for *alius* from the *all* of the Celtæ, that signified another; χορὸς *chorus* from the Celtic *chor*, Καυλὸς, *caulis*, coleworts, from the Celtic *caul*; Κρανιον cranium, from the *crene* of the Celtæ a skull; they used Νησος *insula*, an island, and the Celtæ did *enes*; the ancient Grecians Φόρνος *furnus*, and the Celtæ *forn* for an oven: Φορος was their word for *forum*, because the Celtæ used *feur*, or *fuir*, to signify a fair or market. The Eolian word Γὺψ, *vulture*, came from the Celtic *gup* a vulture, &c. &c.'

At the end of the present work we find three tables of Greek words, of Latin words, and of Teutonic, or German words, taken from the Celtic language.

This volume seems to be incorrectly printed, but it contains much curious and erudite matter, though the author is often too dogmatical in his assertions, too liberal in indulging his conjectures, and too fanciful in tracing his analogies.

ART. XI.—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. A Satire.* 12*mo. pp.* 54. *price* 3*s.* 6*d.* Cawthorn.

IT would be much for the advantage of literature, that every ten or twenty years should produce a new Dunciad to expose the ravings of folly, the coxcombry of learning, and the aberrations of genius. It will hardly be disputed that the present age presents a most fertile field for such an enterprize. 'The Pursuits of Literature,' notwithstanding the many admirable strokes of satire which it contained, was a work in which virulence, malevolence, and party spirit so predominated, as entirely to defeat the grand purposes of correction and amendment, which can alone justify the indulgence of a satirical temper. Besides, its most just and cutting irony was so concealed under an ostentatious display of learning, and (what is worse) was so exclusively confined to that part of the work which bore the appearance of a simple appendage, that the reader required some portion of the author's malevolence to enable him to wade through the insipid text, and its pompous accompaniments for the purpose of arriving at what is really worth the labour of seeking it.

But "farewell, a long farewell," to this once celebrated satire. Its day is gone by—the very objects of its spleen and virulence are (for the most part) rolled into oblivion.

The 'Baviad,' and 'Mœviad,' were as superior in merit, as distinguished in effect, above the 'Pursuits of Literature.' Their satire was principally levelled against a particular class of writers who had made rapid advances towards establishing the empire of consummate nonsense. It completely answered the end proposed, and dissolved in an instant the air-built fabric of the Della-Crusca school. But here again more than half the force and humour of the satire has evaporated together with the objects which gave birth to it; and new generations of dunces have risen since the days of Rosa-Maltilda, which call most powerfully for the scythe and pruning-book of reform.

If we say that the satire now before us does not prove its author to be as yet sufficiently qualified for so Herculean a

task, it is not for want of evidence that he is gifted with all the talents requisite for the undertaking, if more matured by reflection, and polished and refined by use. The first and most striking objection to the present essay is that it opens upon a field much too enlarged for the present extent of the author's observation. In its object, it appears to embrace the whole circle of modern poetry and criticism, and it required a regular and systematic plan of operations to cover so vast a space with judgment and effect. This is by no means the case, however, with the present performance, which is a sort of skirmishing attack upon a number of individual writers, unconnected in its pursuit and undefined in its end. Many notorious offenders escape unnoticed; some are acquitted or marked with applause, whom a more correct judgment would have condemned; and some are censured with acrimony whom a more refined and comprehensive taste might acknowledge to have deserved a far different fate at the tribunal of just criticism. But in spite of these defects and errors enough appears to convince us that the principles which regulate the author's judgment are in general sound, though experience has not yet taught him the art of modifying them with just discrimination and applying them to every particular instance as it may occur. In the other qualifications of satire he is more uniformly successful. His verse is flowing and energetic, his imagination active, and his powers of expression fully equal to the true spirit of his theme.

We shall lose no more time in these general observations, but proceed to find some extracts from the work, which must either justify or condemn our opinion.

After an introduction *in form*, extolling the bards and critics of the 'olden time,' at the expense of these 'degenerate days,' the Bard begins to particularize the objects of his censure. He points one of his earliest arrows at no ignoble quarry.

> 'Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
> For notice eager, pass in long review:
> Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
> And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race;
> Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode,
> And tales of terror jostle on the road;
> Immeasurable measures move along,
> For simpering folly loves a varied song;
> To strange mysterious dullness still the friend,
> Admires the strain he cannot comprehend.
> Thus lays of minstrels,—may they be the last!—
> On half-strung harps, whine mournful to the blast,

While mountain-spirits prate to river-sprites,
That dames may listen to the sound at nights;
And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood
Decoy young border-nobles through the wood,
And skip at every step, Lord knows how high,
And frighten little babes, the Lord knows why,
While high-born ladies, in their magic cell,
Forbidding knights to read, who cannot spell,
Dispatch a courier to a wizard's grave,
And fight with honest men to shield a knave.
'Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested, haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And thinkst thou, Scott, by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Millar may combine,
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown a line?
No! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame;
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn, remunerate the mean attempt!
Such be their meed, such still be the reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long 'good-night to Marmion.'*

'We have transcribed the foregoing passage, not as a favourable specimen of the writer's talent, but as the most striking instance, through the work, of the defects of judgment, which we have before noticed in him. We must beg Mr. Scott's pardon for so often bringing his name forward, and canvassing the merits of his poems on occasions where they do not immediately fall under our notice; but we cannot resist the inclination to oppose ourselves to a very unjust outcry, which has been set up to his prejudice by critics who style themselves his friends, and which has been followed by many who have wanted either taste or leisure to examine into its propriety. As for ourselves we have not the honour of being known in the slightest degree to the gentleman in question; and he

'* The pathetic, and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esq. on the death of honest Marmion.'

may perhaps think that in criticising some of his publications we have used the privilege of utter strangers somewhat rudely. But, whatever may be our sentiments respecting certain points in his poetical character, our general opinions are much less at variance with those which he professes than with those inculcated by the northern directors of the taste of Britain. His choice of subjects presents at least one advantage of no inconsiderable weight,—the charm of novelty. That it is deficient in interest we cannot readily admit; since it exhibits the strong and faithful representation of character and manners at a period of society with which till of late years we were comparatively very little acquainted, but which has since engrossed the attention of a large class of literary adventurers, and amply rewarded the labours of investigation. We confess but little obligation to those severe or supercilious critics, who would drag us back to the 'thrice-told tales' of classical fable from a pursuit of most interesting variety, which at every turn presents us with 'something new and strange,' and in which, with every step that we advance,

> 'our views expand,
> And all the scenes of fairy-land
> Come swelling on the sight.'

Were the substitution of new and romantic machinery the only advantages gained to the cause of poetry by this new pursuit, we should think the gain considerable, and can see no possible objection on this score to the introduction of 'Messieurs the spirits of Flood and Fell,' or even of little 'Gilpin Horner,' supposing them to be 'discreetly and reverently' brought into notice. They suit the character of the age described; and, however 'Messieurs the critics of Bond-street or the Canon-gate,' may rail at us, we vastly prefer a *modern* poem in which the supernatural agency is assigned to such monkish sprites, than one which formally presents us to the Jupiter and Juno, the Vulcan and Momus of antiquity; nor can we anywise comprehend why the former should be less dignified or more ridiculous than the latter.

But it is on the ground of faithful adherence to the just and original *costume* of character, that Mr. Scott may rest his claims to pre-eminence with the greatest security. It is in this strong-hold that 'Messieurs his *friends*' have thought proper to attack him with the greatest vehemence; and we are really sorry to see that the writer of this satire (otherwise very far from *complaisant* to the critics above mentioned) has blindly followed their authority on the very point in which

their authority is the worst that can be relied upon. The character of *Deloraine* cannot but be acknowledged for as true and spirited a delineation from human nature as ever was attempted by the most consummate master of the art. On what grounds then our author directs his satire against this portion of Mr. Scott's first and best romances we cannot even form a guess. But in saying that 'Marmion is exactly what Deloraine would have been, &c. &c. &c. we must affirm that he only betrays his ignorance of human nature, or his gross want of discrimination. The charge is copied, (not indeed in word, but in spirit) from a review of the work in question, to which we have often before alluded; and if any of our readers are not satisfied with the observations which we found occasion to make in our article of 'Partenopex de Blois' (vol. XIV.) on the same subject, we will refer him for his further assurance (that Marmion is a picture from the life) to the lives of the abbots of St. Alban's at the end of Watts's edition of Matthew Paris, p. 104, where they may read a long story how Robert Fitzwalter, one of the richest and most powerful barons of England, (cui vix aliquis comes potuit æquiparari; erat enim in armis strenuus, animosus, et superbus, multis abundans possessionibus, *generosus*, et potentum consanguineorum numerositate et affinium septus multitudine ac roboratus,) bribed William Pigun, a monk of St. Albans, to steal the abbey-seal, with which he made a false deed and took possession, under colour of it, of the wood of *Northawe* rightfully belonging to the monastery.

But we are ashamed of ourselves for quoting a single instance in support of a fact respecting the character of the *chivalrous* ages, which is much too notorious to all men who have read enough to entitle them to give any opinion on the subject.

We return with pleasure to less exceptionable parts of the poem before us,

The poetical fraternity of the lakes are noticed, and their peculiar and well-known vices pointed out, with a great deal of real humour in several succeeding verses. The wonder-working Lewis,

> 'Who fain would make Parnassus a church-yard,'

is then *complimented* with about twenty lines of *panegyric*, concluding thus,

> ——— 'if tales like thine may please,
> St. Luke's alone can vanquish the disease;
> Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
> And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.'

Anacreon Moore, "the young Catullus of his day," is next subjected to the lash; and, coupled with him (but surely with great injustice) the translator of the sonnets of Camoens.

"Hayley, in vain attempting something new," "the Sabbath Bard, Sepulchral Grahame," and "Harmonious Bowles, the first, great oracle of tender souls," form the next illustrious trio.

Montgomery, the bard of "*classic* Sheffield," who, whatever may have been his faults, certainly discovered a genius which no true friend to English literature would have attempted to stifle in its birth, is afterwards noticed, chiefly for the purpose of introducing the assault on the strong-hold of northern criticism.

> 'Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
> His hopes have perished by the northern blast:
> Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian *gales*,*
> His blossoms *wither*, as the *blast* prevails!'

We shall, perhaps, be accused of illiberality for noticing with praise, or even with complacency, the ensuing attack upon one who is generally considered as president of the northern board of criticism; but in justice to our author, we cannot pass over what is perhaps the most spirited portion of his satire, and that which affords the strongest evidence of those talents for which we have given him ample credit. We are perfectly silent as to the *justice* of the case, and only hope (for the honour of all parties concerned) that it will lead to no such *fatal* catastrophe as that deplored in the following verses:

> 'Health to immortal Jeffrey! once in name,
> England could boast a judge almost the same;
> *In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,*
> *Some think that Satan has resigned his trust,*
> *And given the spirit to the world again,*
> *To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.*
> * * * * * * *
> Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven preserve his life,
> To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
> And guard it sacred in his future wars,
> Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars!

* We should object to the word *gales* as very unsuitable to the subject, and merely used for the sake of the rhyme, unless it be meant to imply that the very *zephyrs* of Scotland are rude enough to nip the fairest buds of a more genial climate.

Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by?*
Oh! day disastrous! on her firm set rock
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half its waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;†
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place;
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:‡
Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth story where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret fell to ground,
And pale Edina shuddered at the sound:
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canon-gate with inky streams,
(This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue,)
And all with justice deem'd the two combin'd
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And strait restored it to her favourite's head.
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.'

We must now put an end to this article without taking notice of the remaining topics which the poem embraces. Our readers must judge for themselves whether our general

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* In 1806, Messrs. Jeffery and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the intervention of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the daily prints.

† The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum. It would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

‡ This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

commendation and censure has been such as the occasion demanded. We are not ignorant that the name of a very young man has been whispered about as that of the author —but even should the report be correct, we are unwilling to contribute to the circulation of what, for his sake, we wish had been kept a close secret. The wit and force of the satire will only render its personality more offensive to the number who are either its immediate victims or in some measure involved in the effects of it. It is not desirable even in a just cause to volunteer a service which must create many enemies and comparatively few friends; but in the present instance we are confident that the author has too often suffered his satirical vein to attain an ascendancy over his better judgment, and fear that he may repent too late in his maturer years of having inflicted some wounds where they were not deserved, and driven into the ranks of his foes, some persons whom he might have been proud to embrace as his friends. It may be required of us, especially after stating the prevalent report as to the youth of the author, to point out some of the less important defects of style and method, which are easily discoverable in the work; but we are persuaded that his own taste and judgment will be more serviceable to him as he advances in life than any observation of ours in the correction of trifling errors, and besides it may be unjust not to leave them, as the means of revenge, untouched in the hands of the northern critics.

ART. XIII.—*A circumstantial Report of the Evidence and Proceedings upon the Charges preferred against his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in the Capacity of Commander in Chief, in the Months of February and March,* 1809, *by G. L. Wardle, Esq. M. P. before the Honourable House of Commons: including the Whole of the original Letters of his Royal Highness the Duke of York; the Speeches correctly taken in full of the various Members; with all the other Documents produced in the Course of the Investigation, and the Decision of the House of Commons upon this very important Subject. Illustrated by Portraits.* 8vo. Cundee. 1809.

IT is equally useless, as it would be difficult, to give an analysis of this volume. But as the proceedings which have taken place, and which, for a time engrossed and wholly fixed the attention of all the men and all the women, and almost of all the children, of the united kingdoms, have had an

effect on the public mind much greater than any transactions which have occurred in our days, and as it is probable that from them may be dated the commencement of a new æra in the internal policy of Great Britain, we have thought right to give a cursory statement of the principal facts which have been brought to light in the investigation of the charges against the late commander in chief.

The charges brought against his royal highness were of two kinds, the first was for malversation in his duty. The second was for conniving and participating in corrupt emoluments which his mistress, the much talked-of Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, derived from the patronage of his office. A single instance only was adduced of the first species of offence. A captain Maling was put over the heads of a number of meritorious officers who were ready and anxious to purchase on the single ground of unexceptionable conduct in the office of the commander in chief. This was, however, no more than an example of favouritism, a sort of offence from which, no individual who possesses patronage, can perhaps be wholly exempt.

Of direct corruption, or criminal connivance at corruption, and participation in the wages of corruption, four distinct charges were brought, and have been judged by the great body of the people to have been as fully proved as the nature of the transactions would admit.

The first fact proved was, that application had been long made by lieutenant-colonel Knight to effect an exchange of his commission with lieutenant-colonel Brooke, that the application had been refused by the commander in chief; that to effect the business, the brother of colonel Knight made Mrs. Clarke a promise of two hundred pounds, upon which the refusal was withdrawn, and within a very short period, the exchange desired was officially announced in the Gazette. Upon the day the exchange was gazetted the money was paid.

The second serious charge was with regard to a levy of men to be raised as a joint concern by colonel French and captain Sandon. Corri, a music-master, opened the business to Mrs. Clarke, and was the medium of introduction to Sandon. For this he received two hundred pounds. These two officers received a letter of service by which they were empowered to raise five thousand men in Great Britain and Ireland. Mrs. Clarke received five hundred guineas for her agency in procuring this letter; she said that she paid five hundred pounds of this money in part of payment for a service of plate. It appeared by the books of the tradesmen that this sum had been received, and that the remainder of

the money had been paid by bills of various dates drawn by the Duke of York. Is it possible then to conceive the duke was ignorant from whence the first five hundred pounds came? Miss Taylor, a witness who is unimpeached, gave evidence to the following remarkable words spoken by the duke.

'I am continually worried by Colonel French, he worries me continually about the levy business, and is always wanting something more in his favour. Turning to Mrs. Clarke, I think he said, how does he behave to you, darling? or some such kind words as he used to use; Mrs. Clarke replied, middling, not very well. The duke said, Master French must mind what he is about, or I shall cut up him and his levy too.'

For these favours, they were in the habit of sending her money for months; and it appears from Mrs. Clarke's letters to Sandon (letters which she had herself directed to be destroyed), that she was regularly informed by the duke of what was done at the office. For a long time applications without end were made, and it seems impossible that the duke could assign any other motive for the continued exertion and interference of his mistress, but that she received a pecuniary reward for her labours.

This transaction was as injurious to the country as disgraceful to the parties concerned in it. At the end of twelve months 219 men only had been procured by the levy instead of the 5000 which had been expected from the number of officers and non-commissioned officers employed; every man raised cost the country £150; the most flagrant swindling was practised on the recruits; and the conduct of all the parties connected with the business was truly infamous. These facts appeared in a memorial of an officer of irreproachable character, brigadier general Taylor, with regard to their conduct in Ireland. In London, too, the conduct of all the temporary serjeants was represented to be 'in every respect infamous and disgraceful to the service.'—Such are the direct effects of corruption in the higher departments of the state. If the fountain be polluted how can the stream be pure? If in this particular case any man can say, after weighing impartially the whole of the evidence, that the Duke of York was not a party in these transactions, no evidence on earth is capable of convincing him.

The third charge of corruption was in the case of captain Tonyn. He paid Mrs. Clarke £500 for a majority. In this case the duke was proved to be a party to the transaction. A few lines in his hand-writing were discovered to quiet the mind of Tonyn, who was impatient to see his promotion in the

Gazette, and apprehensive that he should be swindled out of his money. A futile attempt was made to prove this note a forgery. But of many witnesses versed in hand-writing who were called to give their opinions, there was only one who gave his evidence in favor of its being a forgery, and this but in a doubtful and qualified manner. The seal, the address, the paper all concurred to prove its authenticity. It was extorted too from a man (Sandon), who was a most unwilling evidence against the duke; one who has been ruined by his attempts to screen him; and who, had he been able to prove a forgery upon Mrs. Clarke, would, doubtless, have seized the opportunity with avidity.

A fourth charge of corruption was proved in the promotion of major Shaw to a lieutenant-colonelcy, and his appointment to a situation at the Cape of Good Hope; £1000 was promised for these services; but half the sum only was given. Irritated at this breach of promise, Mrs. C. complained to the duke, who in consequence put Shaw upon half pay. It is fair, however, to observe that colonel Gordon, (the duke's secretary) stated this to be the usual practice in the army, with very few exceptions. However this may be, Shaw himself made grievous complaints, as having suffered a severe and cruel injury, and declaring his case to be nearly unprecedented.

Many other abuses were detected in the course of this inquiry. One sale of appointment in the commissariat-department was clearly proved. It was proved that a commission had been given to a young man who had been a menial servant of the mistress, and as such had waited at table. And it was proved that another officer had been for a time prevented from selling his commission, by the interference of another kept mistress of the duke, who seems not to have been conscious of any impropriety in permitting this interference.

After this mass of evidence it would hardly be credited, that only one hundred and twenty-five members could be found to support the resolution of the gentleman who had undertaken the difficult and arduous part of public accuser of the second subject in the kingdom. Col. Wardle's resolution was couched in these mild terms.

'That such abuses could not exist to the extent to which they have been proved to exist without the knowledge of the commander in chief; and it concludes with declaring it to be the opinion of the commons that the Duke of York ought to be deprived of the command of the army.'

This resolution was negatived by a large majority; the numbers being, for it, one hundred and twenty-five; against it, three hundred and sixty-six.

This judgment has been severely arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion; and we do not believe that it will be pronounced impartial by posterity. The duke had been commander in chief many years before his acquaintance with Mrs. Clarke commenced. He takes a house for her, lives publicly at her table, surrounded by his friends and dependants, has a magnificent establishment, two or three carriages, eight or ten servants, a country-house, horses in abundance, and for all this he makes an allowance of 1000*l.* a year!!! It was a curious spectacle to behold the immaculate Mr. Perceval, that faithful guardian of the public purse, labouring to show what large sums of the people's money, the Duke of York had thrown away upon his mistress; and this in the way of defence. It is probable that the expense of this establishment, conducted by a thoughtless and dissipated woman was 20,000*l.* a year at the least. What rational mind can avoid concluding that the duke in forming such an establishment had calculated beforehand the means by which it was supported? that a long impunity and a thorough persuasion that he was above the reach of controul had made him throw off all restraint, and despise the common laws of prudence and decorum? He was not much mistaken. The man who was able (if report speak true) to drive from the helm an administration, whose great crime we verily believe to have been an earnest desire in the principals to correct abuses, the man who supported by the throne, the army, and the government, might be reckoned perhaps the most powerful individual in the country, utterly despised the attacks of his feeble adversaries. The *pillory* or the *bastille* were to be the lot of those who dared to breathe upon his reputation. When the clamour at length became general, state prosecutions were commenced against authors and publishers; and it is probable that the virtuous exertions of colonel Wardle have rescued many innocent individuals from heavy fines, and the more grevious loss of personal liberty.

The defenders of the commander in chief rested principally upon the bad character of the principal evidence, Mrs. Clarke, and the contradictions in her evidence. But though every action of her life was ransacked with the most malignant diligence, no important breach of the laws of honesty or veracity were proved against her; nor was she guilty of more contradictions than might have been charged against the other witnesses, who were deemed irreproach-

able. The evidence was the best possible that could be procured under the circumstances of the case. The strongest and most convincing part of it was brought out during the investigation, either by accident, or by the indiscreet zeal of the duke's defenders. Certainly nothing was ever less like a conspiracy, than this whole proceeding. Mr. Wardle does not seem to have had any previous communication with a single witness except Mrs. Clarke. They all of them appear to have received the first intimation that they would be called on from the public papers. One of them, and a most material one (Mr. Dowler), had scarcely time to shift himself after his arrival from Lisbon. Another (Sandon) was out of town. A third, (Major Tonyn) whose evidence would have been very material, seems to have been kept out of the way. Had he been able to contradict the other evidence, he would most certainly have been produced. Except Mrs. Clarke there seems to have been hardly one willing witness brought forward. Those, therefore, who talked of a foul conspiracy against the duke, have expressed, not their belief, but their wishes. Probably, however, the success of the prosecution (if the complete conviction of the public mind can be called success) was owing to this unprepared state of every individual, who was to establish the facts. There was no time for tampering or caballing, or the invention of plausible excuses. 'I was much surprised and thunderstruck,' said one of the witnesses, 'to see and hear my name had been mentioned as it was, without previous notice.' Under such circumstances there was no safety, but in telling the simple truth. It puts at the same time the upright, frank, and intrepid character of the accuser in the strongest light.

Though one hundred and twenty-five members only could be found to support Mr. Wardle's very mild and temperate resolution, it was not so easy to obtain a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Perceval's resolution, which was finally carried, was conceived in the following terms.

'Resolved, That it is the opinion of this house, after the fullest and most attentive examination of all the evidence adduced, that there is no ground for charging his Royal Highness with personal corruption, or connivance at such practices disclosed in the testimony heard at the bar.'

After a debate of ten days, and repeated divisions on the resolutions of other members, who wished to steer a middle course, Mr. Perceval's resolution was carried, the numbers being for it 278, against it 196; majority 82.

Never certainly were the people and those who profess to

be their representatives more at variance than in this decision. And as it was a case in which every man is as competent to decide as the judges themselves, we believe that this proceeding has tended to destroy the confidence of the people in the integrity of parliament more than any other event which has happened in our days. For a long time the people have seemed little disposed to take any part in public affairs. But it was not that they had ceased to be interested in them. They have kept silence because they have been hopeless of doing any good. Their spirits too have been damped but not extinguished, by the reign of terror under Mr. Pitt's first administration, when men were sent to Botany Bay, or shut up in prison for acting on the principles which Mr. Pitt professed when he commenced his political career. But now the call for reform is so general and so loud, that we are persuaded that, though it will long be resisted, it will finally triumph.

That much of a spirit similar to that which now pervades the country, was also prevalent towards the close of the American war must be allowed; at which time it evaporated in a few empty and angry resolutions. But the American war was succeeded by a season of the highest prosperity; commerce revived, industry flourished, and the revenue became abundant. At present (without the occurrence of some change which is wholly beyond the calculation of human foresight) the affairs of Britain seem arriving at a crisis, which absolutely threatens political destruction. Security cannot be obtained either by war or peace. Austria, which was prostrate before, is menaced with absolute annihilation. The partition of Turkey will quickly follow. The road then is open to Egypt and to India, to the conquering arms of the modern Alexander. The present discontents have their foundation in the system which has been pursued through almost the whole of the present reign; in a system of perpetual warfare, in an increase of taxation beyond endurance, and in a profuse and prodigal expenditure of the public treasure. The great impediments thrown in the way of commerce have soured the minds of the merchants of the metropolis; a race of men, who whilst trade flourishes, give themselves little concern about the principles of liberty. All these causes of discontent are continuing to act, and will continue to act with progressive force; and thinking men trace them to the notorious corruption of the house of commons, the majority of the members of which seem to have interests in direct opposition to those of the people. Men see that the course of events has rendered a great change necessary, and will produce it by a species of necessary agency.

Whilst all allow a reform to be necessary, there is a marked difference in the sentiments of different parties as to the mode in which it should be effected, and the extent to which it should be carried. The leading members of the late administration obviously suppose that it might be done through the medium of the government. We heartily wish that it *might*; but our opinion of human nature forbids us to cherish the hope that it *will*. We would ask these gentlemen whether the attempt to effect even a beginning of a salutary reformation was not the real cause which precipitated themselves from the helm of the government? Whether the present weak and inefficient administration were not selected merely to keep things as they are? And would any measure of reform which the court would patronize, carry us back to the point at which we were even at the close of the American war? At that time it was thought a great triumph when Mr. Fox carried a simple resolution against the influence of the crown in the house of commons; and still the crown remained powerful enough to preserve all its influence, and finally to augment it fifty-fold. Now when the barefaced controul which the ministers of the crown exercise over the votes of members is offered to be proved at the bar of the house, the facts are unblushingly avowed, and the power which is so scandalously abused is vindicated as an essential part of the British constitution.

To effect great things requires powerful instruments. Under the present system the most upright minister can effect nothing, he must either swim with the torrent or be overwhelmed by it. We can conceive no other engine of reformation in a corrupt state, but a general at the head of an army he can confide in; or an honest minister aided and supported by an independent house of commons. Whilst the privileges of the people of England are usurped by a croud of venal boroughs, what trifling is it to expect oaths against bribery can effect any thing but to keep a few conscientious men out of the house? The purchasing of seats is but one evil, and that not of the greatest magnitude. Perhaps whilst the borough-mongering system is allowed to continue, it may be a good: it introduces sometimes a wealthy man instead of a mere tool and servile dependant. What the people of England want is a real representation, and not a mockery; that the house of commons should be a faithful guardian of the interests, and sympathize with the feelings of the people; that the members should no longer be the mere agents of the treasury, or the deputies of a few rich men, still less that a seat should be wished for solely as a step-

ping-stone to lucrative offices, to be obtained by a blind attachment and obedience to the minister of the day. Is it possible that such a house of commons can be obtained, but by enlarging the basis of representation throughout the whole kingdom? This is, we presume, such a reform of parliament, as was designed by the society, who assumed the name of the friends of the people; nor do we believe that any reform short of this will effect the purpose so devoutly prayed for by all good patriots—that of awing and controuling corrupt ministers; or of arming the good with the power of faithfully serving their country.

We cannot conceive upon what principles such a system of representation should be deemed incompatible with monarchy. Monarchy seems essential to all states where there exists a great inequality of rank and property. It is necessary to compress the fury of contending parties; which without the restraint of a powerful chief, would on every petty cause of contention, tear each other to pieces.

The reflections we have made arise naturally from the consideration of the extraordinary proceedings in the case of the Duke of York. They may be deemed not so much a trial of the Duke of York, as the trial of the house of commons; which has been pronounced guilty of having violated its duty by the almost unanimous voice of the people of England. We fear that throughout, the personage (illustrious in rank and station) whose character has been chiefly implicated by the discoveries brought to light by this investigation, has been the victim of bad advisers and false friends. The only prudent step he has taken throughout has been to resign his office. We hope that in the solitude of retirement he will perceive the emptiness and vanity of that life of dissipation to which he has sacrificed his character; and he will recover the esteem of his countrymen. The age is not so rigid as to exact great severity of manners from princes. Let them attend to the simple laws of decorum, and few will wish to scrutinize more deeply into the principles of their conduct.

It is our duty to state that we believe this report to be no more than a copy of the proceedings taken from the daily papers.

ART. XIV.—*A Treatise on the Defects of the Debtor and Creditor Laws, and the Consequences of Imprisonment for Civil Debt: or an Address to the Public in Behalf of honest Debtors and injured Creditors, with an Exposition of Facts interesting to Gentlemen of the Law; and impartial Observations on the comparative Distinction between honest and fraudulent Debtors. By W. Minchin, Esq.* 8vo. *pp.* 222. Tipper. 1809.

WHEN the late Duke of Richmond was once solicited to support some parliamentary measure of relief for the persons confined for debt, his grace made use of the following memorable words:

'As I think no man ought to be imprisoned for *any* debt, I shall always be ready to support any bill that may be brought into parliament, tending towards that object.'

We entirely assent to the opinion of his grace, that no man ought to suffer imprisonment for debt.—The imprisonment may inflict punishment on the debtor, but it is no benefit to the creditor. It constitutes no part of the payment. —Where there are no means of payment, it cannot facilitate the production; it tends rather to deprive the person of all means.—It may, indeed, gratify the vengeance of the creditor. But, we ask in the name of injured humanity,—IS THE LAW TO GRATIFY THE REVENGE OF INDIVIDUALS? —Will any man of correct moral feeling and of enlightened mind answer this question in the affirmative?—We believe not.—Then, on what principle of reason or humanity can we justify the continuance of the practice?

We believe that in the great majority of instances, the cases of fraudulent debtors are very few compared with those who are unfortunate. Now by those who are fraudulent, what is meant but those who have the means of payment, but want the will?—But with such persons, imprisonment, as the law now stands, instead of producing the will to pay is usually found to excite the contrary volition. They defy their creditors, and rot in jail on the fruits of their iniquity.—Imprisonment does not operate as a punishment on the fraudulent debtor, so much as on the upright and unfortunate. If the present law were, according to the original spirit and practice of the constitution, not to permit any violation of the personal liberty of the debtor, but to make his goods, his money, and lands in all instances liable for his just debts, the interests of trade, the happiness of individuals, and the general good of society, would be better secured than by the present system, which

in so many instances outrages the feelings of philanthropy. —The numerous insolvent acts which the legislature has passed are so many proofs that there is something radically bad in the law as it now is; for what must we think of a law, which *the legislature itself is continually obliged to violate?* The following reflections of Dr. Johnson on the folly, injustice, and cruelty of imprisonment for debt, cannot be too often quoted, nor too generally perused.

'The wisdom and justice of the English laws are, by Englishmen at least, loudly celebrated; but scarcely the most zealous admirers of our institutions can think that law wise, which, when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or just, which exposes the liberty of one to the passions of another.—The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. To the community, sedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleness an atrophy. Whatever body and whatever society, wastes more than it acquires, must gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock. The confinement, therefore, of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in those cells of misery, a very small part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest are imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of disappointed expectation. The end of all civil regulations is, to secure private happiness from private malignity: to keep individuals from the power of one another; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loss, is allowed to judge of his own cause, and to assign the punishment of his own pain; when the distinction between guilt and happiness, between casualty and design, is entrusted to eyes blind with interest, to understandings depraved by resentment."

'Again he says, "It may be hoped, that our law-givers will at length take away from us this power of starving and depriving one another; but, if there be any reason why this inveterate evil should not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let those whose writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries, endeavour to transfer the reproach of such imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to mankind, and find riches no shelter from contempt.

'Surely he whose debtor has perished in prison, though he may acquit himself of deliberate murder, must at least have his mind clouded with discontent, when he considers how much another has suffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her husband; or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned. If there are any made so obdurate by avarice or

cruelty, as to revolve these consequences without dread or pity, I must leave them to be awakened by some other power, for I write only to human beings."

'Lord Chancellor Talbot,' says the author, has remarked, that, 'the debtor sufficiently pays any sum by an *imprisonment of three months*, according to the principles of real humanity and good policy.' Strictly applying this remark to the imprisonment, as being intended to punish the debtor, it is unquestionably correct; for, after a man has suffered that period in prison, it becomes a severe punishment; the moral claim of the creditor to payment ceases in the mind of the debtor; and, as the punishment is given in satisfaction of the debt, ought it not to be limited, that the creditor should be convinced it is more his interest to take what the debtor can pay, than vainly endeavour to hold him in confinement when it is known he cannot pay?'

The injustice of the present system is truly and forcibly shown in the following observation:

'Liberty is the gift of God, protected and confirmed by the law of the land; yet, in defiance of the laws of nature, religion, and civil society, an Englishman may be arrested, imprisoned, and put to an enormous expence, although he does not owe a shilling to the person who arrests him: and if a malicious enemy will swear to a debt of many thousand pounds, and consign the injured defendant to prison, for want of bail, twelve months imprisonment may be sustained before the question can be tried between the parties; and if the plaintiff succeeds in recovering only twenty shillings, the defendant has no remedy for the evils he has suffered. A man cannot, therefore, correctly be said to be sent to prison because he owes another money, but because he cannot find bail. Whether the person arrested be or be not indebted to the plaintiff is no concern of the officer who executes the warrant, or of the attorney who issues the writ. And the judges of the land, whose province it is to administer justice between the plaintiff and defendant, have no knowledge of the iniquitous proceedings, unless the defendant can afford, at an enormous expence, to force the plaintiff to a trial at law; and thus the practice is suffered to continue. The defendant is never brought before a court of justice, judge, or magistrate, to be interrogated if he owes the money; but if any man will swear to a debt, and the defendant cannot procure two respectable and substantial housekeepers to enter into a bond to the sheriff's officer for double the sum which the defendant is arrested for, he is taken to a lock-up-house, the residence of the bailiff who arrests him, and from thence to a gaol, although convicted of no offence, and accused of no crime. Here he is detained at the suit of a fictitious or vindictive creditor, to the great detriment of all his other creditors, deprived of his efforts to pay.'

Some of our readers who may not be acquainted with the

following circumstance, will be pleased with its relation.—Charity is said in the GOOD BOOK, to cover a multitude of sins, we believe that the act which we are about to mention may well be employed to veil or to extenuate the frailties and vices of the author.—That excellent institution entitled the "Society for the relief of persons imprisoned for small debts," which has, in its aggregate exertions of beneficence, alleviated such a large mass of human misery, owed its establishment to the voluntary and unsolicited exertions of the late Dr. Dodd. Early in the year 1772 he recommended the establishment to those congregations before whom he preached: and on this occasion at least his oratory was applied to a purpose which no wisdom and no virtue need blush to own.—This society still continues to flourish, and while any one object is left for its relief, our earnest prayer is that it may never decay!!!

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 15.—*Essays on the Nature, Order, Privileges, and Duties of the Christian Church. With an Address on Personal Religion. By Charles Dewhirst.* 8vo. *pp.* 215. 5*s*. Conder.

THE author of this work professes his object to be to promote "order, peace, and happiness in the churches of Christ." For this purpose he has written twelve discourses, which he terms Essays.—Mr. Dewhirst in Essay iii. describes it as one of the qualifications of what he calls "*personal religion*," "*to believe in the rage and reign of universal depravity.*" And he draws a more terrific picture of this depravity, than most writers whom we have seen, for he says,—"this depravity, is not only universal, as it taints and corrupts the whole mass of mankind, but as *it extends to all the mental faculties of every individual person.*"—If this be really the case, surely the author has grossly misspent his time in writing this book; for it must be in vain to address instruction to such a mass of moral and intellectual putrefaction.—But Mr. D. tells us for our comfort that "no sooner is the soul sick of sin than an adequate remedy is applied:" and that 'as sin hath reigned unto death, so grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus

Christ.' We are not inclined to be severe upon Mr. Dewhirst, who appears to be a devout and well-meaning man, but we request him before he writes another book, carefully to study the original idiom of the scriptures, with the lights which the improved state of biblical criticism will afford.—The typographical part of this work is extremely well executed by Mr. Gedge, of Bury.

ART. 16.—*Sacred Elucidations; or Sunday Evening Remarks upon the most important Subjects that can interest the human Heart, proving the Necessity of spending the Sabbath, according to the Divine Command; peculiarly addressed to the youthful Part of the Community, but of equal Importance to those of riper Years. By Mrs. Pilkington. pp.* 190. 3*s.* 6*d. bound.* Harris. 1809.

THESE elucidations are exhibited in the form of eight lectures, which are read on a sunday evening by a Mr. Walsingham, a pious clergyman, to the children of Lord C. who, on his death-bed had entrusted them to his care. The religious and moral instruction which is contained in this volume is perspicuously and agreeably conveyed. The doctrines are in unison with those of the established church.

ART. 17.—*Great Britain: a Sermon preached at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary in Lincoln, on the 8th of February,* 1809, *being the Day appointed for a General Fast. By the Rev. William Hett, M.A. Prebendary of the Church of Lincoln. pp.* 23. 1*s.* 6*d.* Scatcherd.

THIS sermon contains some sensible and patriotic observations, without any taint of the fashionable mysticism and absurdity.

POLITICS.

ART. 18.—*Considerations on the Practicability, Policy, and Obligation of communicating to the Natives of India, the Knowledge of Christianity, with Observations on the Prefatory Remarks to a Pamphlet published by Major Scott Waring. By a late Resident in Bengal.* 8*vo. pp.* 101. 2*s.* 6*d.* 1808

ART. 19.—*The Dangers of British India, from French Invasion and Missionary Establishments; to which are added some Account of the Countries between the Caspian Sea and the Ganges; a Narrative of the Revolutions which they have experienced subsequent to the Expedition of Alexander the Great; and a few Hints respecting the Defence of the British Frontiers in Hindostan. By a late Resident at Bhagulpore. pp.* 153. Black, Parry, &c. 1808.

WHEN the peaceful Hindoos are exhorted to exchange their religious creed for that of the Europeans who are settled in India, they must be naturally led to compare the different effects which the different systems produce in their several adherents. If they find that the great moral virtues of temperance, justice, and mercy, are not more frequent nor more resplendent among the professed believers in Christ, than in Brahma, they must necessarily infer, however er-

roneously, that their own system is not at least inferior in worth to that which Dr. Buchanan and his coadjutors are anxious to introduce. While the Hindoos observe that the only object of the Christians, who land on the peninsula of India, is the gratification of sensuality or avarice, is it probable that they will ever be induced to listen to those who wish to substitute the Gospel for the Shaster? The sober and reflecting part of the Hindoos may reason thus.—In what respect are we likely to be benefited by changing our creed to adopt that of those who live worse lives than we do ourselves? Even if the obstacles to the conversion of the Hindoos were less than they are, we do not believe that any wise and considerate man would wish the attempt to be made by those persons who preach speculations, which if they were embodied in the practice of common life, would diminish the general stock of moral goodness, of honesty and truth.—If the object of Dr. Buchanan and the evangelical host were not to substitute one set of mystical doctrines for another, but to change a bad moral system for a better, we might be more willing to commend the attempt, however uncertain the chance of accomplishing the generous design.—But at present the danger of any endeavour to disturb the religious establishment of Hindostan is so great that we must earnestly deprecate any innovating temerity, and rather wish that the change in the theology of the Hindoos, if any change be to take place, should be left to the tardy and almost imperceptible operation of time, than be begun by zealots, whose frantic indiscretions will be productive of nothing but animosity and strife.

'Shall we,' says the author of the Dangers of British India, &c. 'for the precarious benefit of converting a few Hindoos, plunge Hindostan in rebellion, and occasion the massacre of every Englishman who resides there? Is the work likely to succeed? or is it not, rather, one that we might wish, indeed, to accomplish, but one so full of danger, and so improbable of success, that we must content ourselves with throwing no obstacles in its way, and with leaving the rest to the good will of God, and to the slow influence of example.'

The conversion of the Hindoos, to Christianity, if it can be effected, would probably be attended with a revolution in their dietetic habits, of which the influence would be very sensibly felt in their passions and their health. Would the thousands who now subsist on a farinaceous and vegetable diet, become *eaters of flesh?* And would the diminution of the superstitious reverence which is now cherished for the sacred cow, be attended with general benefit, if it made the natives voracious consumers of animal food?

'When Brama,' says the late enlightened resident at Bhagulpore, 'under the shade of the banian tree, instructed his disciples in the duties of temperance, seclusion, and prayer, he intended as well to establish regulations for their personal welfare, as to found a faith which the powers of time should not destroy. Of climate he knew

the effects to be uniform and active. Where the labours of the ox were so needful on the road and in the field; where the cow's milk, so useful to man, was in quantity so small, the preservation of these animals from the violence of passion or the lust of appetite became a measure of the greatest moment. He, therefore, prohibited the use of animal food and enjoined religious honours to the cow. This worship existed at an early age in Egypt, I will not say it passed there, and the Greeks wondered at the adoration of Apis because they were ignorant of the cause which gave it birth.'

'To preserve the health of his votaries Brama required frequent ablutions, and to secure their obedience he made the Ganges a holy stream. To separate them from the rest of mankind he forbade the attempt to make proselytes: to produce regularity in the discharge of their duties, he established the distinctions of cast; and, for the further security of his religion, he allowed no pleasures in its front to seduce the profession of strangers, and attached disgrace, more terrible than death, to the apostate of his faith.'

'A turban, a girdle, and a pair of sandals formed nearly the whole of a Hindoo's wardrobe; a straw hut was a sufficient abode. The luxuriousness of fashion neither altered the form of their dress, nor the structure of their houses, the furniture of which seldom exceeded a mat and a pillow, an earthen pot and a cup of brass. The laws of abstinence so rigidly prescribed rendered these privations a duty, while the laws of safety rendered them wise. In a country where even the soil was the property of the prince, the appearance of wealth was an invitation to rapine: the tenure of occupation made it imprudent to build for the accommodation of the living, and the custom of burning the deceased removed every inducement to erect tombs in their honour, or to venerate particular spots as the depositaries of ancestry. General charity, and religious pageants, formed, with the three great events of birth, marriage, and death, the chief calls on the wealth of a Hindoo. To excavate tanks, to plant fruit trees, and to construct ghants and pagodas were the united objects of pride, patriotism, and devotion.

'Forbidden to eat, or even to associate, with an inferior, though professing the same faith, the Hindoo could have no intercourse with a stranger, and was thus cut off from the general knowledge of mankind. And, as he could not prepare his food without certain formalities which it was criminal to observe but on dry land, he was prevented from extending the boundaries of his commerce by sea. Maritime trade was left open to those only with whom religion forbade him to mix, and whom prejudice taught him to detest.'

Hence we see that the subversion of the religious creed of the Hindoos, if it could be effected, must be attended with a total change in their domestic, their civil, and political institutions. Are we, who dread and deprecate revolutions in the west, rashly to attempt to produce a more mighty and tremendous hurricane in the

east?—Are we wantonly to kindle the flames of religious dissention among sixty millions of men?

There is some force in the following observations:

'The great antiquity which these people claim, the frequent communications with the Deity, and the several manifestations of himself in the flesh, which they record and believe, are matters that require the closest investigation of the christian as well as of the philosopher. They present a formidable obstacle to the diffusion of the religion of the former, which can only be overcome, if so, by analyzing the nature of Hindoo superstition and, by tracing its different stages: for until we can convince the Bramin that our system is the first in time, as well as the most perfect in precept, he will tell us that it is derived from his, and that the Shaster is the source from whence the christian faith has been drawn. Far from questioning the divine authority of the scriptures, or the divinity of Christ, he will say that we believe but a part of what he does, and that the Deity might have been once incarnate in Judea as he had been often in India: that the Hindoo scriptures, as they were carried out of their own country, were altered to the local usages of others, and accommodated to the political views of their professors; and that, although we neglect ceremonies and profess the influence of moral precept, our external conduct implies a total negligence of visible adoration and gratitude to God, and the superiority of honour to religion.'

The pamphlet entitled 'Considerations on the Practicability, &c. by a late resident in Bengal,' is chiefly made up of an attempt to refute the arguments of Major Scott Waring, whose pamphlets we reviewed in our number for April 1808, p. 401.—The author is a zealous advocate for perseverance in the attempt to Christianize Hindostan.

ART. 19.—*Letters on the Affairs of Spain, and Spanish America: with Observations on the Revolution of the Continent. By Sydney.* Baldwin. 1809.

THESE letters were first published in the evening newspaper called the Statesman.—They seem to be the production of a reflecting and discriminating mind; and what he said respecting the probable fate of the Spanish expedition has in a great measure been verified by the event. The author anxiously desired that the large armament which was sent to Spain, should have been dispatched to Spanish America, which appears to have been the original destination of at least part of the force which was transported to the peninsula.—But we fear that the expedition to Buenos Ayres, under Sir Home Popham, and General Whitelock, had made an impression very unfavourable to the English name, on the minds of the inhabitants of South America; and that they would have distrusted our subsequent professions of friendship and protection.—If the inhabitants of South America wish for liberty and independence, they can vindicate both the one and the other for themselves without our

direct interference. If we wished to favour such an event, all the assistance which it would be requisite for us to afford them would be to prevent France from sending either emissaries to sow dissentions among them, or an armed force to effect their subjugation. —The papists in new Spain seem if possible more ignorant and bigoted than those of the mother country; and we fear that an English army would rather shock their prejudices, and excite their antipathies, than conciliate their esteem.

POETRY.

ART. 20.—*Sonnets of the Eighteenth Century and other small Poems.* 12*mo. pp.* 145. 5*s.* Kearsley. 1809.

THESE Sonnets are in number seventy-five; the rest of the volume is occupied with imitations of Horace and some occasional pieces. The author says that the sonnets, which are in the usual strain of that species of composition, 'were written to beguile a melancholy hour.'

ART. 21.—*Camilla de Florian, and other Poems, by an Officer's Wife.* 12*mo. pp.* 159. Dick, Chiswell Street. 1809.

CAMILLA is described as the only surviving branch of the house of Florian, who is enamoured of Anselem, one of the knights, whom she excites to assert the honours of the order, and not to participate in the treacherous surrender of the place to the French. When she learns that the enemy have obtained possession of the city, she escapes with her female attendants by a subterraneous path to the convent of Rosa, where she begs permission instantly to take the veil, as some protection against the indignities of the French.

'Long through their arching windings, damp and drear,
The cautious group repeat the step of fear;
Prophetic echoes come in warning sighs,
And frighted reptiles from the hollows rise;
Close stifling vapours damp the torches' breath,
That dimly light the silent caves of death:
At length a ray of streaming light appears,
And fragrant *odours* sinking nature *cheers;*
The eager hands close branches draw aside,
And shew St. Rosa's gardens opening wide.
Camilla views with joy the foliage wave;
'Twas Florian's house, the fair superior gave.
Mark'd by the hand of age, the convent rose;
Around its base the *sweets* of summer *blows,*
Alone, Camilla trod the hallow'd way,
Where once her infant footsteps lov'd to stray.
Dear was the scene to fair Camilla's view;
Near the known porch the light Acacias grew.

Again she prest—with ivory inlaid,
The sombre couch of shining ebon made,
And mark'd the curtain'd shrine retir'd from view;
Inhaled the perfume which the incense threw;
And mellow'd light, from stained casements fall,
With smiles of Heav'n, upon the sacred wall.
The painter there each form of death pourtray'd
From brightest Hope to Horror's awful shade;
Dimly was seen the sinner's parting strife,
The pallid struggles of reluctant life;
And shewn in brighter tints the holy maid,
On whom an angel's warning hand was laid:
Her mortal with celestial nature blends,
And wrapt in extacy, the saint ascends.'

This passage alone, notwithstanding two or three incorrect and flat lines, is sufficient to evince that the authoress, Mrs. Susan Fraser, possesses some sparks of poetical fire.

'Ere night, St. Rosa's sisters strew'd with flow'rs
Camilla's path, and rais'd their choral pow'rs:
Solemn and sweet their tuneful voices swell'd,
As o'er her spotless form the pall they held:
It drops:—enchantments, melodies expire;
The tapers sink with gleams of dying fire;
The sisters lead Camilla to her cell;
She bids Anselem and the world farewell!

'Meantime the knight, in humble garb array'd,
Thro' the known haunts of Citta Vecchia stray'd:
The victor yet the sacred altars spar'd,
Nor yet the ancient usages impair'd.
In vain Camilla's fate her knight deplores,
And o'er her untrac'd flight his sorrow pours;
Yet oft his pensive eye unconscious falls,
On high St. Rosa's venerable walls;
Oft, in the evening hour, inclines his ear,
To list' the rising tones, so soft, so clear;
Nor dreamt the cherish'd treasure of his heart,
Bore in the vesper hymn the sweetest part.'

Lucilla one of the sisterhood, who is represented as more sensual than devout, makes an artful but ineffectual attempt to involve the knight in an unhallowed amour with herself. Lucilla vows vengeance, and that vengeance is gratified by the destruction of Camilla under the pretext that she had admitted the knight within 'St. Rosa's sacred shade.' The knight does not long survive her, he opposes the sacrilegious ravage of the French, and seeks the spirit of Camilla 'in the silent grave.' The story itself is not very distinctly told, and there are several instances of harshness and negligence in the diction and the verse.

'To meet Anselem's *bend* she graceful rose.'

'Alike the polished fore-head's *showy height.*'

'The pensive fair heeds not the *rays*,
That on her unveil'd beauty, searching *plays.*'

'On valour's ashes shed a tribute *warm*:
And give a glory to the Saviour's *form.*'

The other poems consist of Versifications of Ossian,' 'a Morning-walk to the Levant steps Gibraltar,' 'Imitations of the Spanish,' 'Patriotic songs of Spain,' 'Translations from the German,' and miscellaneous pieces. The morning-walk at Gibraltar contains several passages which merit considerable praise. The following song is a very spirited production, and breathes the true fire of patriotism. It is among the Spanish songs and adressed to Elvira.

'Should this heart, that beats for thee,
Be still'd amid the battle's rage,
Let the thought of victory.
Elvira's widow'd woe assuage:
For that hour in holy heaven,
The patriot crown to me is giv'n.

'Hush the sigh, repel the tear!
O, never, never mourn my fate!
Sprinkle flowers on my bier,
As cold I enter Seville's gate:
With smiling joy Alphonso own,
Whose patriot soul to heaven is flown.

'Shew my sons the wounds that flow;
Then give their infant hands the spear;
Let them then the contest know,
That robs e'en infant hearts of fear:
Send them, unmov'd, to bear their part;
And give your country all your heart.'

ART. 23.—*Poems on various Subjects. By Henry Richard Wood, Esq.* pp. 128. 5s. Baldwin. 1809.

THE longest of these poems is a love story entitled 'Edwin and Laura.' Edwin after a long absence, which distress of circumstances had occasioned, returns to visit his Laura, to cheer her with the news of his good fortune, and to assure her of his constancy and love. But on arriving at the cottage he finds that his fair one had vanished, and a friend informs him that she had after some resistance given her hand to another. This causes Edwin bitterly to lament the misery of his lot, and to inveigh against the inconstancy of the sex. A short extract from this part of the poem will enable the reader, without our official animadversions, to appreciate the poetical powers of Mr. Wood.

'Inconstant sex,' the mourner cried,
At once our bliss and bane;
The wretch on you who founds his hopes,
Shall ever find them vain.

'Destined by bounteous heav'n to prove
Man's chiefest good below;
To add a secret charm to life,
And solace every woe.

'You feign a soft, seducing, guise,
To lure him to your snare;
You flatter with an angel's voice,
Then leave him to despair.

'But most for him, who loves you best,
You spread the treach'rous wile;
Some dire misfortune lies conceal'd
Beneath your very smile.'

We leave it to the female acquaintance of Henry Richard Wood, Esq. to punish him in any way they think best for this libellous effusion. We only request them in compassion to us poor critics not to sentence *him to write a recantation* in *verse*.

ART. 24.—*Kenneth and Fenella. A Legendary Tale. By the Rev. F. S. Walley, D.D. pp.* 55. 2*s.* 6*d.* Hatchard. 1809.

WE shall let Dr. Walley himself explain the circumstance which gave birth to this tale.

'On reading the Statistical Account of Scotland, and Guthrie's History, I was forcibly struck with the murder of Kenneth II. by Fenella; which appeared to me so fine a subject for a tragedy, or a legendary tale, that I wondered it never had been taken advantage of by men of poetical talents. To the former I found myself unequal; the latter I have attempted—and of my attempt the public must be the judge. It is the best effort of one whose imagination is clouded, and whose ardour is cooled by old age and infirmities. But this unfinished, and perhaps injudicious sketch, may awaken superior talents and taste, to draw from it a fine and a finished picture. The subject is the more interesting, as it is not only founded on undoubted history, but as it is also intimately connected with the admirable tragedy of Macbeth; perhaps, the most impressive and perfect of all the dramas of the greatest poet that ever lived. What he imagines lady Macbeth to *have been*—Fenella really *was*. And this resemblance is the more striking, as Guthrie supposes that Fenella was either the grandmother or the great aunt of Macbeth, and that the murder of Duncan, who was Kenneth's great grandson, was in consequence of the perpetuated feud and animosity between the

families, arising from the just execution of Fenella's only son, by the king's commands, and her subequent assassination of Kenneth.'

Length of years must, we suppose, plead the Doctor's excuse for the want of *poetic fire.*

———gelidus, tardante senectâ,
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires.'

NOVELS.

ART 25.—*The Letters of a Peruvian Princess. By Madame de Grafigny. Also, as a Sequel, the Letters of Aza. By Ignatius Hungari de la Marche-courmont. To which are prefixed a Life of Madame de Grafigny, and a short biographical Notice of Marche-courmont. Translated from the French by William Mudford. pp.* 221. 6*s.* Sherwood, 1809.

THIS is altogether an interesting tale. Zilia, who is one of the virgins of the sun, was destined to be married to her relation Aza, who was heir to the sovereignty of Peru. But the unexpected invasion of the country by the Spaniards prevented the consummation of her happiness. Zelia is carried off by these ravagers from the temple of the sun, and embarked on board a ship, which is captured by a French vessel on its passage. Zilia is carried into France. The captain of the vessel who is a man of generosity and honour, is enamoured of her charms; but the fair Peruvian preserves the constancy of her attachment to Aza in the most adverse circumstances. Aza is himself transported by his conquerors into Spain, where he labours for a time under the misapprehension that Zilia is dead; and he conceives a passion for a Spanish girl. A report to this effect reaches the ears of Zilia and excites her sorrow, but does not destroy her love. The continuation of the work by de la Marche-courmont, which is very inferior to the original of madame de Grafigny, contains various letters, which terminate with the reunion with Zilia, and the departure of the lovers for Quito, in their native clime. The letters of Zilia breathe a refined and elevated passion mingled with just sentiments of virtue and correct views of life. Her descriptions of the French character and manners during her stay in France, are often strikingly correct. The picture which is exhibited of the constancy and the delicacy of her attachment, which renders the work unlike some of those circulating poisons in the form of novels, which require an antidote to their otherwise deleterious effects.

MEDICINE.

ART. 26.—*Practical Observations on the Nature and Cure of Strictures in the Urethra. By William Wadd, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. pp.* 88. Callow. 1809.

IN this pamphlet Mr. Wadd has detailed the various improvements in the application of caustic substances to the seat of this deplorable malady. From his own numerous opportunities of seeing the different effects of the caustic and the bougie in strictures of

the urethra, he seems to think that the latter mode of practice is the safest and the best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27.—*The Pleasures of Benevolence; or the History of Miss Goodwill; intended as a Companion to the Sorrows of Selfishness. By a Lady. pp.* 150. *3s. bound.* 1809.

THE habit of benevolence, whether contemplated in its influence on the internal disposition or the external conduct, contributes so much to the peace and happiness of the individual, that we consider its culture, though viewed only in its present consequences, to deserve more attention than any other moral quality. Whatever work it be which tends in any degree to nurture the principle of this habit in the youthful mind of either sex, will always receive our encouragement and approbation. There is certainly such a tendency in the present work, which makes amusement the vehicle of instruction.

ART. 28.—*Summer Excursions through Parts of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Herefordshire, Derbyshire, and South Wales. By E. I. Spence, Author of "the Nobility of the Heart," and "the Wedding Day." 2 vols. pp.* 367. Longman. 1809.

MISS Spence is an agreeable traveller. Her remarks are lively, her anecdotes numerous, and her descriptions accurate, individuated and distinct. Those, who read for amusement, will find it in her work; and those who read for instruction will peruse it without having any reason to regret that their time has been mispent. From the account of Miss Spence we learn that methodism is rapidly rising to its meridian absurdity in the principality of Wales.

'I was sorry to observe the parish church of Llandilo quite deserted, and the place chiefly filled with sectaries, who crowd from all parts to listen to itinerant preachers. An immense multitude of people assembled in the market-place to hear one of these preachers, who continued above two hours making such a hideous noise in an unknown jargon, and uttered with such vehemence, as could inspire but little true devotion, that it is impossible to describe such extraordinary, irregular worship.

'A sort of methodistical mania is rapidly spreading throughout South Wales. A gentleman in pointing out to me the church of Llannon, informed me that often there were not half a dozen persons to join the parson and clerk, whilst the chapel was overflowing with a numerous congregation.

'During the last year, I have since been informed, upwards of one hundred and twenty chapels have been erected, and near eight thousand persons admitted into the methodist society.'

ART. 29.—*Pætus and Arria, a Tragedy; in five Acts. To which is prefixed, a Letter addressed to R.B. Sheridan, Esq. on the present State of the Stage.* 2s. 6d. pp. 74. Lackington. 1809.

IN his prefatory letter to T. Sheridan, Esq. the author asserts that all access to the stage is '*carefully* barred against all, except those who have power or interest in the theatres.'—To this cause he principally ascribes the present scanty exhibition of dramatic talent, and the degeneracy of the stage. When an author's play is rejected he must necessarily experience considerable mortification. This mortification he will probably endeavour to retort upon the managers, whose taste and discrimination he will dispute; and whose conduct he will ascribe to envy or resentment, to ignorance or prejudice. But we believe, though these causes may occasionally operate, that authors are not always right, nor managers always wrong. In the present instance we agree with Mr. T. Sheridan, that this tragedy, though it contains several poetical passages, is not calculated for theatrical representation.

ART. 30.—*Dedicated to all whom it may concern. Valentine's Day; or the amorous Knight, and the Belle Widow. A new and original Comedy; in three Acts, prefixed by a Poetical Appeal to the Critics. By one Anonymous.* 8vo. pp. 124. 3s. 6d. Vernor.

WE thought, on the first sight of this performance, that it contained a satire on some living wight; but, if there be any such intent on the part of the author, it is so subtle that it has escaped our observation. The quantity of *comic matter* which this pamphlet contains will probably be best estimated by those who pay three shillings and six-pence for the perusal.

ART. 31.—*The Meteor; or a short Blaze, but a bright One. A Farce, in two Acts. By J.B. Gent. With a prefatory Advertisement by the Author.* pp. 42. 2s. For the Author, 11, Catherine Street, Strand.

THE author says that this farce was begun when he had scarcely attained the age of nineteen. There is a moderate portion of vivacity and merriment in the performance, but some of the situations are rather unnatural, as where the father of Harry on first meeting him after the loss of his property, proposes a mock-trial in order to see whether his son possesses any talents for the law. One judge's and two counsellors' wigs are sent for. The servant is placed on the bench, and the father and the son plead against each other. Some parts of the piece are spirited: but probability is too much violated, and the conclusion is abrupt.

ART. 32.—*Thoughts and Remarks on establishing an Institution for the Support and Education of unportioned respectable Females. By the Author of the 'Step-Mother,' 'Letters to young Females,' 'Constantia Neville, or the West Indian,' &c.* pp. 248. 8vo. Longman. 1809.

THE benevolent authoress of this work has long been forcibly

struck with the common errors of female education, and with the desolate situation of numerous females in this country, in the middle or even higher ranks of life, who possess small and incompetent incomes, or are totally destitute of the means of support. As some remedy for these evils and some alleviation of this distress, she proposes the establishment of protestant nunneries, which might serve at once as places of education for the young and places of refuge for the unfortunate. Under proper regulations, we are not aware of any solid objections, which could be made to such institutions. A protestant nunnery would differ from a popish, not merely in the mode of worship employed in the chapel, but in two great points of internal arrangement. No females could be suffered to be immured for life, by the arbitary mandates of parents, and any of the females, who had voluntarily sought such an asylum, would be permitted to quit it when they no longer found it agreeable to their inclinations. Such institutions would be highly useful by furnishing a supply of governesses properly qualified, both by moral and mental culture, to undertake the task of educating others. The want of stable principle, or of requisite knowledge in persons of this description is the subject of a general complaint. How many wives and daughters of clergymen, officers, &c. &c. who are left in narrow and destitute circumstances, would hail the establishment of such institutions, in which some of them might find solace and subsistence, and others might be qualified by a salutary discipline to become useful members of society, and to return with interest to the public the benefits which they derived from the house! How many females of confined incomes might be enabled by this means to enjoy a variety of social comforts which they could not otherwise obtain! The authoress who signs herself Helena Whitford, suggests some judicious practical details, which are well deserving consideration by those who are willing to embark in such an attempt to assuage the misery, or to augment the happiness, of the most helpless but amiable part of their fellow-creatures.

ART. 33.—*Outlines of an Attempt to establish a Knowledge of Extraneous Fossils on scientific Principles. In two Parts. By William Martin, F. L. S. Author of Figures and Descriptions of Petrifactions collected in Derbyshire, pp. 250. 8s. White. 1809.*

EXTRANEOUS fossils seem to be considered by the author as those, which possess an organic structure which has originally been that of a plant or animal. In the present work Mr. Martin establishes the following positions, that, 'all natural bodies without life, found on, or beneath, the surface of the earth, and which are not susceptible of putrefaction, belong to the fossil kingdom. Such bodies are either reliquia or minerals.' 2. That 'an organic structure, immediately or derivatively that of a plant or animal, is the essence of an extraneous fossil or reliquium. By this alone is it characterized or distinguished from a mineral,' 3. That 'it is the organic form alone on which the arrangement of reliquia must be

founded.' 4. That 'the primary divisions of the arrangement (orders, genera, &c.) should agree with such natural divisions of plants and minerals, as are determinable by the form of the fossil subject.' 5. That 'the specific differences in reliquia depend on the specific differences of form in the original bodies. One species of plant or animal can give but one real or genuine species of extraneous fossil.' 6. That 'specific distinctions of reliquia being founded only on the organic form, it follows that their geological and mineralogical affections, with their modal diversities, &c. merely characterize specimens.' 7. That 'the specific descriptions of reliquia are to be given according to the principles of botany and zoology—those of the specimens according to the specimens of mineralogy, and geology.' 8. That 'the nomenclature of reliquia should always manifest the extent of our knowledge with respect to the original bodies.' Mr. Martin appears to have exhibited much judgement in his classification and nomenclature; and his work is particularly valuable from his having repeatedly confirmed by his own experience a large portion of the facts which he has advanced.

List of Articles, which with many others, will appear in the next number of the C.R.

Bland's Poems.
Jones's Illustrations of the Four Gospels.
Russel on Scrophula.
Poyer's History of Barbadoes.
Stawell's Georgics of Virgil.
Hoare's Tour in Ireland.
Cursory View of Prussia.
Biggs's History of Miranda's Expedition.

ERRATA.

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53	—— 17	for quantam	read quantum.
55	—— 1	for que	read quae.
56	—— 36	for σπολιον	read παχαλιον.
59	—— 39	for Hαρι	read Παρι
57	—— 26	for אחד	read אחר.

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

Of Books published in May, 1809.

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Annual Medical Register, comprising a Review of every Publication relating to Medicine and Surgery, which appeared during the Year 1808, with an Historical Sketch of the Discoveries and Improvements in these and the collateral sciences, within the same Period, &c. &c. 8vo. 9s.

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